

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

MARCH, 1848.

THE TOMB OF WESLEY.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

FROM an early bias, strengthened by a long-continued habit, I take a kind of pleasure, mournful though it be, in looking upon the monuments raised over the ashes of the great and good of other ages. There often comes a lesson from the tomb, when honored by the dust it cherishes, of more value to my heart, than I can find among the best counsels of the living.

Here then, let us pause a moment, reader, and note the thoughts, which may rise spontaneously within us. We need not toil and labor after reflections worthy of the place we occupy. If we can divest our minds of every inappropriate feeling, and submit ourselves to such emotions, as may come up from the sympathies of our nature, we shall be most likely to fall into that train of sentiments befitting the occasion. It may be, indeed, that ideas, as well as sentiments, may be roused by a little steady contemplation.

Shall I now venture to break upon your silence? May I ask you, what have been your reflections, while looking down upon the tomb of Wesley? I wish you could answer me. But you cannot do so at present. You may, however, return the question. You may wish to know the nature of my own emotions. The most I can do is to give you an apology for an answer. The truth of it is, my veneration for the man, whose mausoleum we are here regarding, is so deep, so absorbing, so entire, that it requires more genius, more language, more art than I possess, to set it forth.

On first letting my eyes rest on the funeral fabric, which the reader is supposed to have before him, I began to think of the brevity, the hollowness, the insignificance of the longest and most earnest life, led by the wisest and best of mortals. Many thoughts, almost wholly new to me, as much as I have lived in grave-yards, came throbbing up within me; but, were it a duty enjoined on me, I could not write them. Wise sayings of the ancient sages, on the worthlessness of human glory, flitted like visionary beings through my memory. Here and there I could catch a word, or a line, or a short stanza, set

down by some half-inspired poet, when impressed deeply upon this subject. I thought, especially, as I have often done before, of the words of Shakspeare, who, in one of his most favored moods, strives to picture out the vanity of the life we are now living:

"Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."

But I regard the passage as a perfect failure. It falls infinitely below the subject. And, yet, all other poets come as far short of Shakspeare, on this topic, as Shakspeare sinks beneath the object of his endeavor. The fact is, it is impossible to express, in words, the emptiness of our present state, when we look not beyond it; and all that Solomon himself has said, though he wrote a book on this subject, is contained in the three words—*All is vanity*.

If a man, then, live out his three-score years and ten, and enjoy the circumstances common to the race, he has eaten three times and slept once, between the daily rising and setting of the same sun, for the period of about twenty-five thousand days. Nearly every one of these days is a perfect fac-simile of its predecessor. Life, therefore, consists of eating three times and sleeping once, multiplied by the number of days it is made of; and the proudest man, when he comes to wrap the mantle of death about him, can only say, I have slept once and eaten three times, and now, again, my

"Little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

But, my reader, though such are the sentiments spontaneously rising up within us, when viewing the sepulchres of the dead, they have no relevancy to the tomb we are now contemplating. John Wesley lived not merely to eat, and to drink, and to sleep. These duties to his body he reduced to their lowest standard, that he might, with the greater ardor, devote his soul to the work given him of God. Nor was there ever a man, who, through so long a period, labored with more energy, in his calling. The results of his life, also, are scarcely paralleled in the history of any man of modern times. But these we now defer to another time and place.

WOMAN.

BY IMOGEN MERCEIN.

—
 "But now what God
 Intended as a blessing and a boon
 We have received as such, and we can say,
 A solemn, yet a joyful thing is life,
 Which being full of duties, is for this
 Of gladness full, and full of lofty hopes."
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We continue the review of the Life of Mrs. Shuck, because we deem it a fair exposition of what woman, without extraordinary talent, but nerved and qualified by "the grace of God," can accomplish. Having paused to contemplate Mrs. Shuck's position and duties at the age of twenty years, we remark, that her plans for personal and relative improvement seemed ever widening. She progressed steadily in the language of the Chinese, and acquired the power of ready converse with the poor, degraded natives. Her home duties were, as we observed before, quite arduous; her health, at this time, failed considerably, and was ever after rather delicate; so that it needed a strong principle of action to sustain and urge her onward.

She was a missionary to the Chinese; but how powerfully her example and instructions told upon all within her influence, let the following extract tell: "Death has been very familiar to me lately. Miss Orton, a young lady who came to reside with me a short time since, has just departed this life. She was, I trust through my instrumentality, converted on her dying bed. Glory to God, that I have, as I trust, done some good. To him be all the praise!" We pause for a moment, at this point, when Mrs. Shuck had been five years in China, making her twenty-three years of age. The head of a large family, the mistress of a continually increasing school, she now adds a plan of visiting among the natives. She writes: "There is a village near to us which contains about ten houses and sixty souls. I visit it regularly two or three times a week. Mrs. King accompanies me. She speaks Chinese tolerably, and we generally talk to the females about their children, and ask them all manner of questions about their domestic concerns, &c., hoping that by and by we shall gain their confidence and affection, and then be able to call their attention to better things. It has been only a short time since we adopted this plan. As yet we have not spoken to them on the subject of religion. Should we visit a family for the first time, and immediately commence speaking to them on the subject of religion, and tell them it is very sinful to worship idols, we should meet with a cold reception; but by visiting them a few times, making their children a present occasionally, and conversing with them in a friendly manner, we may gain their esteem, and they will believe what we say unto them of the true God

more readily than they would have done at first. There are many good things to be gained by thus visiting these poor females. We see them at home, and can penetrate more deeply into their characters. We also learn to speak their language as they do." The moving spring of all these energetic efforts is not left to conjecture.

Mrs. Shuck was one of the happiest Christians of whom we have read. All her letters breathe hope, trust, and submission. We scarcely remember one desponding paragraph. True, she had a naturally buoyant disposition, was blessed in all her domestic relations, and, above all, had the consciousness that every hour was usefully employed. But she had her seasons of heavy trial. It could not be that one possessing such strong affections, should never yearn after her country and her kindred. Her father was worthy of the deep affection she poured upon him. The cheerfulness with which he surrendered his first-born child to the missionary work, the admirable advice which he gave her, "never to return to America, unless the Board should advise it," the devotion which enabled him to say, "I rejoice in the prospect of your living and dying on heathen ground," and the constant tenor of his letters breathing encouragement and faith, awakened in our stranger heart tearful admiration; and as his daughter dwelt upon his advancing years and probable dissolution, there must have been hours when her spirit longed for wings to flee across the wide waters which divided friends so dear. And we cannot read her gushing letters to her young sisters and brothers, so sweetly associated with her childhood's years, and the memory of that sainted mother who had laid the foundation of all that was useful in her character, we cannot recall her incessant efforts for their benefit, and her exulting joy when those dear sisters were brought home to Christ, without the deep conviction that she knew much of the pangs of protracted and probably final separation. Yet how perfectly these natural feelings were controlled by that missionary spirit which seemed to strengthen with every succeeding year, let the following remarks express: "Time serves only to increase my love to my friends. I love you all better, if possible, than when I enjoyed your society. What would I not give just to be in your midst for one hour, to see those faces and hear those voices, which are still dear to me! You say, if it were right, you should 'rejoice to hear that we were on our way back; but it is not right.' No, dear father, we have willingly given up the pleasure of our home and kindred, that we may add our mite to the evangelization of China. Then let us not faint and tire." And afterward, when failing health seemed to open the way for return, and she could dwell on the probability without the suspicion that missionary zeal was on the decline, she writes to her sister: "My feelings, with respect to visiting America, are, 'the will of God be done.'

If he wills it, most gladly would we turn our faces homeward; if not, most joyfully will we live and die in China. At present we see not the least prospect of returning to America. God, by his providence, seems to be stationing us more permanently at Hongkong. Still, we know not what is in the womb of futurity. A short time, and all our plans may be thwarted: we may be on our journey to old Virginia, or we may be safely landed in our last resting-place. God almighty direct! Leave us not to ourselves!"

Added to these she had periods of very severe illness; and perhaps none find it more difficult to bear this kind of discipline than those of naturally vivacious temperament. At such seasons, who does not know the longing for a mother or a sister's care, to soothe or alleviate personal suffering, and, more than that, to take the oversight of helpless children, and the regulation of those domestic interests which must suffer when the experienced head, the warm heart, and the willing hand are temporarily prostrated? Yet here, too, she triumphed. At one time she writes: "Dear father, don't be distressed about me. I am in good earthly hands, and, above all, I am in my heavenly Father's care. It may be his design to give me some suffering, and then take me home. If so, I am willing to go. I am happy in the thought of being with Christ." At another: "I have been on the borders of the grave; but, blessed be the Lord, I have ever felt a peace of mind which, indeed, passed all understanding. The thought of leaving my beloved Lewis without a wife, and my darling children without a mother, in this unfriendly world, was, indeed, painful; but, on the other hand, the thought of being with my Savior, where I should be perfectly freed from sin, outweighed every wish to remain longer in this tenement of clay. I believe that the feeling of *perfect submission* to the will of our heavenly Father is the most becoming that the human heart can indulge. I desire, therefore, to have my will and inclinations perfectly swallowed up in his. 'Tis sweet to know that all he does is best for our own good and for his glory."

There were, also, junctures in her domestic concerns, when every thing seemed to combine to distress. Such occur in every family, everywhere; but I sometimes think that we are prone to forget that missionaries in foreign lands have similar, generally more severe domestic difficulties to contend with, than wives, mothers, and mistresses have in this Christian land. They see their devoted husbands sinking beneath excessive labors—their darling children smitten with disease, and O how frequently prostrated by death—they have domestics without even the nominal principles of the Christian faith, which do here exert a restraining influence—they have all these and their missionary work besides, and the pain of seeing important spiritual labors unavoidably suspended by temporal occupations which wear out the physical and mental strength. One

such season is described in this little book. Let us mark how Mrs. Shuck met and sustained such days of trial. Apologizing for not writing home more frequently, she adds, "For some months my own health was very, *very* precarious, and my little Henrietta was, at the same time, in exceedingly delicate health; and being without a nurse for her, I was much occupied in taking care of her. For the sake of change, I took her to Macao, leaving the boys with their papa. In the meantime, Mr. Dean and his family removed over to Hongkong, and took up their residence in our family, which, of course, greatly augmented my domestic cares. About four months ago, a young Chinese lad, who had embraced religion and been baptized in Baltimore, arrived here; and having no means of support, we took him in to share our pittance. Two months after Dr. McGowan arrived, and he finds with us, also, a home. My little Jane was then recovering from the chicken-pox. Soon after another little girl, Mecha, was taken down with high fever. We all hoped it was only chicken-pox; but in a few days the doctors affirmed it to be varioloid. She was ill for two weeks, and required constant attention and care on my part. As she became better, Mrs. Dean was one day suddenly taken ill. Her fever raged beyond the power of medical skill for three or four days, when an eruption followed, which was pronounced to be *confluent small-pox*. In eight days from the time she was taken ill, she fell asleep in Jesus. As to the state of her mind we can know nothing. We think, from the expression of her countenance, she was sensible to the last; but for four days previous to her death the power of speech had failed. All she could say was 'no,' indistinctly. You can easily enter into my feelings, with so many children exposed to this dreadful disease. I could only look to the never-failing Source of comfort, feeling assured that, as my day so my strength should be. Thanks to a kind Providence, no other case of the disease has occurred in our family."

Some of our young readers may feel all this is very common-place; and we admit it. When we first read this little memoir, we were not particularly impressed with Mrs. Shuck's labors and character. Interest in China led us to read it again; and then we began to measure and compare; and then the incessant every-day employment, so different from our own young romantic visions of dwelling in a foreign land, and being engaged in high missionary avocations, arrested our attention; and as we advanced to the close of that young life, so vigorously and practically employed, and, as it were, summed up its occupations, the *contrast* between Mrs. Shuck and the majority of Christian women who see their *twenty-seventh* birth-day, struck us sadly; for, with far more means and appliances, they do not accomplish a fraction of what she executed.

"We have now reached the last year in the life of

Mrs. Shuck. She is still young, not having attained to the maturity of her mental powers. She has acquired such a knowledge of the Chinese language as enables her to converse in it with facility and propriety. Having, by long-continued intercourse, become acquainted with the manners and customs of the natives, she is well qualified to conciliate, interest, and instruct them. She is placed in a sphere of great and increasing usefulness, as the mother of an interesting family, the companion of an active and successful missionary, and the teacher of a large and promising native school. She has begun to reap the fruit of her anxious toil. Through long and dark years she had been praying and waiting for China to be opened to the reception of the Gospel, and preparing herself, by incessant study, to teach the idolatrous Chinese the way of life. The clouds are now dispersing. The heathen are now beginning to 'turn from dumb idols to serve the living God.' The consummation so long and so devoutly wished for, seems at hand. But God's ways are not our ways."

Her health had much improved under careful medicinal regimen, and her prospects for long life were (humanly speaking) stronger than they had been for some time. Writing to her sister Susan, she says, "I will now tell you exactly how my hours are spent. In the first place, I must, with shame, confess, that I do not rise early. Indeed, I sleep so late now-a-days, I can accomplish but little before breakfast. I did, a little while ago, take a long ride in my sedan chair before sunrise, but I can't do it in the winter. Well, by ten o'clock my duties of a private and domestic nature are all attended to, and then I have ten Chinese lads and my own two boys, my two girls and three European children, soldiers' daughters, whom I teach till twelve o'clock. Then, as you may suppose, I feel tired, and I get something to eat, say a cup of tea and a waffle, and rest for half an hour. Then I sing, and rock my Hetty (for she is still the pet) to sleep. I go around and see that every thing is neat and tidy, after which I either read, write, make or mend clothes, and attend to the instruction of the girls in needle-work, &c. At four we dine. After dinner I generally go out to see some of my missionary friends, and spend an hour. I often take my children with me, unless their papa is at home, as I do not like to leave them to the care of native servants. I come home, we take tea, and chat till eight o'clock, when I hear the children read the Bible, and have prayer with them. Mr. Shuck is engaged, at the same time, in another room, with the Chinese servants and any others who may desire to attend his meeting. The children are generally in bed by half-past eight o'clock, and then I have a little time to myself. I sometimes visit the soldiers' wives, pray with the sick among them, and distribute Bibles and tracts. I have now pretty much given you an account of my daily occupations."

Again: "Three days ago a very gratifying incident occurred. Two Chinese gentlemen brought their daughters to me, and one a niece also, and placed them under my care; and yesterday another came; so that I have now six girls, making, all together, including my own, *thirty-two* children. Only think of it, Sue, so many mouths to feed; and do you imagine I have time to be idle? I need not say I feel my duties and responsibilities to be great; but I trust the great God will assist me in meeting them faithfully."

Her letters, at this time, are full of life and cheerfulness, but to us seem indeed prophetic, though no sad, defined presentiment seems to have troubled her. We love to mark her strong natural feelings, because we can then measure the strength of that grace which enabled her to rise above them. "At one time," she says, "my dear sister, nine or ten years ago, I looked upon the grave with pleasure. I almost longed to die, for then I felt I should be at rest, and know no sorrow. But I feel differently now: the *cause is obvious*—I am a wife and mother. How strongly do these relations bind us to earth! I feel that my heart clings too strongly to my husband and children; but, love them as I may, I must give them up: I must close their eyes in death, or they mine. I would not have you think my hopes are not strong in Christ. I do feel that, unworthy as I am, I shall, through the merits of my Savior, find acceptance. Yes, I love to throw myself on him. But I do not feel willing to die. I desire, for many reasons, to live. I desire to be a comfort to him who shares my best affections, to train up the little ones that God has given us for heaven, and to be the means of bringing into the fold of Christ many poor, deluded heathen. I wish to see you again. O how soon may all my wishes be blasted! How vain to wish! How much better to have no will of my own!" But at another time the heavenly vision brightens, and she says, "In all probability I shall see you no more until we meet around our Father's throne above. There all tears shall be wiped away, separations known no more, and the song of 'glory to God in the highest' swell every heart. Then let us take courage, and press joyfully on. Soon, *very soon*, our race will be run, and the prize be gained." Soon, indeed, were all these prophecies realized; and we record her exit in the language of her agonized husband, as he conveyed the sad tidings to her paternal home: "I mentioned in my last note, that, for six months past, and up to within three hours of her departure, our precious one enjoyed unusual health. Her illness came on at ten o'clock, on the night of the 26th. Before calling the doctor, she requested me to join with her in prayer; and taking her hand in mine, I knelt by her couch, and at every sentence of my prayer she gave my hand a most affectionate pressure. The doctor came at twelve o'clock at night. At two o'clock a fearful and sudden prostration took

place; and every effort, and prayer, and remedy proved unavailing; and at three o'clock her pure spirit winged its flight to the bosom of her God and Savior, whom she so ardently loved and laboriously served. For months she was in the habit of expressing to us all, in a singular manner, her presentiments that she would not survive till the close of the present year; but no gloomy doubts about her soul were ever noticed. Her mind was engaged in prayer to the last; and as there was scarcely a pain or struggle, but purely sinking and prostration, she literally fell asleep in Jesus, yea, was almost like Enoch, translated for having walked with God. She seems to have passed away like a glorious meteor, and her light still shineth. Her countenance in death assumed a heavenly smile, and her body was deposited in the tomb by the side of her endeared friends, Mrs. Dean and Mrs. Ball."

Thus passed another offering to the missionary shrine, filling our hearts with wonder, but not with doubt. "Clouds and darkness are around about Him, but justice and judgment are the habitation of his throne;" and while, to our feeble vision, 'tis passing strange that so many missionaries are called from labor just as they reach the point for which they have longed, and prayed, and studied—at which they realize they are prepared for efficient action, yet, as our finite minds cannot grasp the *whole* of that Almighty plan of means and results, how sweet it is to exercise strong and unwavering faith in the assurances, "He doeth all things well. What we know not now, we shall know hereafter."

Personal salvation is unquestionably the primary object of the moral discipline of earth. We do not believe it is ever made secondary to that which is relative, though much more, numerically, may apparently be gained. Jesus said, "I go to prepare a place for you." That work is accomplished, and the place is ready for God's dear children. They are now to be made ready for the place, and when that point is gained, no matter at what age—in what place—no matter what earthly plans are frustrated—what earthly hopes blasted—what earthly affections riven, they are taken home to heaven; and while "earth mourns a spirit lost, heaven sings a seraph gained." The ransomed soul exults in victory, while the bitter stroke is sanctified to the survivors. The vacant places are soon filled by others, whom God has prepared for action, and the spiritual machinery of redeeming grace goes on with continually increasing velocity, until the glorious consummation shall be gained.

There may be some interested enough in China to inquire, what were the *results* of labors such as these? Did they bear any proportion to the efforts made? We think they did *really*: we are sure they did *relatively*; for they laid the foundation of a noble superstructure, which is increasing in size and importance every year.

The little Chinese girl, Jane Maria, was unquestionably converted. In 1843, Mrs. Shuck writes: "The Church, which numbered five members at its constitution, has now increased four-fold. Two chapels are completed, and large congregations, of both Chinese and English, assemble to hear the preached Gospel. Mr. Shuck is assisted by brother Dean and the brethren of other denominations, in English services, which are held at the Queen's Road Chapel three times a week. He preaches in this chapel every Sabbath at two o'clock, P. M., and every Friday night; and three times a week he holds service in the Bazaar Chapel in Chinese, besides having family worship at night in Chinese, and in the morning in English, at our own house," &c. To those who would like to know more of what has been done, that they may be encouraged respecting our Church efforts, we refer them to the Baptist Missionary Magazine, as we fear we are even now trespassing beyond our allowed limits.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

BY A VOYAGEUR.

ALL day upon broad, deep Huron! Sunset brings us in sight of cool Mackinaw, an Indian and trader's village, lying along the shore, with its snug white cottages, and its white fort crowning the most prominent point of the bluff. Here are Indians, and squaws, and papposes by the score: all sorts of Indian curiosities, and the Indian's most deadly foe, intoxicating beverages, for sale by the reckless trader. Wigwams line the shore, and blanketed squaws occasionally turn a shrewd glance upon the crowd of strangers; the gray-headed warrior and the middle-aged sot scarcely raise their eyes from the curling smoke of their pipes, and heed not the civilized gaze that, perhaps for the first time, rests upon the type of the once proud owner of the soil; while the handsome Indian youth, with fiery eye and genteel mien, seeks the throng, and exchanges glance for glance with curiosity and impertinence.

Night settles upon us as we turn the prow of our majestic, steam-propelled palace into the placid waters of Michigan. A little after noon of the following day, we run along side of a wharf supported by spiles, and stretching out into the Lake for a quarter of a mile; and while the boat is exchanging ladings, we jump upon the soil of Wisconsin, and run up into the streets of Sheboygan. What a name for a cluster of twenty one-story buildings, one half taverns and the other half law-offices! This is the nucleus of a place of future commercial importance, no doubt; but what a beginning! Milwaukee is a more important place. It is night and we cannot see it. The reeking fore-castle of the steamer is pouring forth upon the planked quay crowds of

immigrants. Such bustle and babel are worthy of the thick darkness that shrouds the grotesquely-attired groups rejoicing in the speedy termination of a long and toilsome voyage. A heavy plunge! a shriek! a man overboard! It is half an hour before he is brought to the surface—that stalwart German. He has braved the ocean, and met death within three feet of the shore! His wife, poor woman, sits waiting upon the wharf, clasping an infant to her bosom. Two or three shrieking little ones cling to her person, terrified with the darkness, the confusion, and an undefined idea of the terrible calamity that has written them orphans! We cannot understand her words, but the cries of nature, the tones of woman's agony are there, and rend the heart. Every body is moved but the horde of gamblers in the forward cabin, whose hellish work not even the proximity of death can interrupt, and who stir not from their seats, and abate not their oaths, when the dripping body of a fellow-mortal is handed directly over the table upon which their liquors glitter side by side with their iniquitous gains. Life has fled for ever from that transatlantic body. The generous passengers place a purse of twenty dollars in the hands of the distressed widow; but it will not replace the husband and the father. We retire to rest, as, near midnight, the body is consigned to the shore. The boat puts off in silence, and we awake, after a brief and troubled sleep, within sight of the spires of Chicago—sixteen thousand inhabitants—a busy city—destined to be great. It lies low and flat; but the Lake breezes purify the air, and render it a delightful and healthful residence. It has already broad streets, fifteen spacious churches, and extensive blocks of buildings, interlaced and surrounded with the waters of the Lake and a navigable river, that finds its terminus here. The City Hotel, a brick pile, rears itself several stories above its humble neighbors, the first edition of dwellings and stores. As our eye glanced along the far-reaching street, we could readily imagine the retiring perspective of the proud and massive walls in whose shadow it will, ere long, lie. From the windows of a handsome stage-coach, wheeled out of the youthful city, on a hot and dusty morning, by ambitious horses, we gain our first view of the prairie. Who can describe the prairie! Away we stretch, mile after mile, and hour after hour, along fenceless roads, over a plain, or gently rolling surface, covered with coarse grass, variegated with beautiful flowers, cultivated patches, belts of distant timber, and endless acres of the tall, yellow rosin weed. An unfinished canal lies at our left, and the spires of a deserted railroad at our right. What a country for railroads! In many parts grading will scarcely be known. For two or more hours we have trotted away over the dusty plain, and the western stage, which left the city as we did, but on a route bearing quite away from ours, is still in view. We are approaching a belt of "timber"—a New

Englander would call it "woods"—one of those belts of timber, which lie like islands in the broad Savannah, whose promontories form landmarks and look-outs for the bewildered traveler, and which mark the course of streams. Joliet, or Juliet, is reached before sundown. The mound, from which the village derives its name, is a beautiful specimen of those singular hills that have attracted so much attention, and elicited so much speculation, upon the still unsettled question whether they are natural elevations or artificial structures. That the Indians used them for burial places is certain; that they constructed them, for this or any other purpose, is not proved by tradition, or internal arrangement and composition. The canal cuts the base of this mound for a long distance, and, so far as we could judge from a little distance, the material of the mound was similar to that excavated from the canal. However thrown up, there is no doubt that some of these hills have been carved by human art into the shape they now wear. The Indian is attached to the burial-place of his ancestors. But where should the rover of the prairie find a resting-place for the dust of his kin on those illimitable and buffalo-trodden plains? How kind was Providence to anticipate his instincts in the provision of these grassy mounds, with their broad, level summits, and their gently-sloping sides! The sailor plunges his dead mess-mate into the restless element, upon whose yielding surface it is impossible to leave the slightest monumental trace. The Indian pays his annual pilgrimage to a mausoleum, which, in the distance, seems like a graceful swell of the gently waving line that separates the azure of the remote landscape from the floating blue of the contiguous heavens, but which, as it is approached, looms up on the vision, defines more and more perfectly its beautiful outline, rises to inspiring grandeur as the low, distant, and retreating horizon line sinks to its base, and delights the eye with the velvety smoothness of its soft turf as you rise the grateful slope, and gaze enraptured from its lofty summit upon the sublime, voiceless, motionless expanse, bounded on all sides, like a sea view, by the celestial concave. What a resting-place! Secure indeed from the incursions of the brute creation, but not secure against the sepulchre-violating propensities of man. Our generation has always shown a disposition to disturb the moldering relics of its predecessors, compensating itself for not having seen the living representatives of its greatness and glory by gazing upon their coffins and handling their bones. Curiosity or covetousness has not only broken open the tombs of the great in search of silver, and gold, and costly material, but the poor Indian's grave has been violated for the sake of his miserable pottery, and his worthless arrow-heads and beads. What resting-place is secure? One of the beautiful slopes of Joliet has been denuded to furnish canal embankments; the farmer has located his mansion at the foot or upon

the summit of the Indian's sepulchre; and the spade of the antiquarian has scattered the ashes that have reposed in peace for centuries within. Better far to have been consigned to unknown ocean depths, or buried in unknown localities in open prairie, than that the living should thus break the repose of the dead in their own chosen sanctuaries. In St. Louis, the "Mound City" of the west, a fashionable refreshment house rises from the summit of one of these lovely elevations.

ANTICIPATIONS.

BY REV. A. GARDNER.

"These other, there relaxed beneath the shade
Of yon embowering palms, with friendship smile,
And talk of ancient days, and young pursuits,
Of dangers passed, of godly triumphs won;
And sing the legends of their native land,
Less pleasing far than this their father's home."

POLLOK.

The human mind delights to recall past exploits, dangers, and toils, with all the scenes of by-gone years. The warrior reviews the terrific dangers of former years. The sailor relates his voyages and hair-breadth escapes. All delight to mingle with those who have been actors in stirring and interesting events, and listen to their narrations. The listener hangs with intense interest upon the lips of such, when, in the decline of life, their discourse is of their early days. The Christian, especially, delights to recall the memory of past joys, and, in some sense, live over the scenes of communion and hallowed enjoyment once passed through while associated with kindred spirits in the worship of God. And when we find an old soldier of the cross, who has passed through the stirring, thrilling scenes of early Methodism, and has drunk deeply from the well of salvation, with what eagerness we press to catch his every word and accent, when he talks of such things! It is like finding, when weary and thirsty, a gushing fountain upon the sandy desert. The same constitution of mind which causes us to take delight in these things, makes history, and especially biography, interesting to us. This sanctified, makes Christian experience in every form delightful and interesting to us. God has given us a revelation of himself and his will just suited to our wants—just adapted to the characteristics of the human mind. Hence, much of it is in the form of history, biography, and experience. Inasmuch, then, as the mind, in its essential properties, will not be changed, only sanctified, and freed from its infirmities, when it leaves the body, it may not be unreasonable to suppose that the trait under consideration may be carried by the holy to heaven, and that a small part of the employment of that place may consist in social converse, in relating past experiences, the triumphs of the grace of God, and all the

deliverances and victories which were gained while in this state of trial. Hence, the words placed at the head of this article may be considered as something more than a poet's fancy. At least, is not this an innocent and delightful thought? Shall we not know our friends in heaven? Or, rather, will not all be friends there? And will not the story of the past then be interesting? Especially, since it will be Christian experience, and will illustrate the goodness of God, show forth and magnify his boundless grace and mercy, shown in their redemption and salvation. There will be assembled all the good, the true worthies, who have blessed the world, and honored God below. O, what a blessed company! And what a love-feast, to hear all speak of the past experience of the love of God shown to them! Every passion being sanctified, and every heart being holy, the many barriers that prevent perfect and happy social intercourse here will find no place there. No jarring string will there be found among the harps from which sound the high praises of God; and no discord will ever arise to mar the perfect fellowship of the saints in light. The Christian will take none of his imperfections or infirmities with him when he leaves the world. They may follow him down to the grave, but, thank God, they will have no resurrection. As Elijah, when rising to the skies, dropped his mantle, so the Christian, rising from his dusty bed, shall cast off the infirmities of the flesh; and his body "shall be fashioned like unto Christ's glorious body." I have sometimes tried to imagine the emotions of a soul having just passed from this sinful and distracted world, to that abode of holiness and peace. As the spirit emerges from the darkness below into the regions of "infinite day"—as it first surveys the glories of the place, with the shining hosts there congregated—as the songs of angels, in full chorus and sweetest cadence, first fall upon the ears, and when, with all its infinite reality, the consciousness of its eternal salvation fills the immortal heart, and thus it takes the first full draught from the fount of eternal life, how must it exult and leap forward with inexpressible delight, to cast itself with adoring gratitude before its Savior's throne! Methinks one such moment of bliss would more than balance all the woes and sorrows of earth. O, it is more than imagination can conceive, fancy paint, or human language express. I wait in joyous hope to see that day—to feel that unutterable bliss—to experience that consciousness—to take that full draught from the fountain of immortality. Again, I have wandered, in fancy, to the time, and scene, when the first redeemed soul from this fallen world entered the company of the blessed. If the angels now desire to look into the plan of salvation, though for ages its mysteries have been unfolding before them, what emotions must have thrilled that holy throng, when the first martyr escaped from the world, lately polluted by sin, and, sanctified, came

prepared to mingle in their pure society. If they take so much interest in the redemption of man, as to rejoice in their bright abode, when one sinner drops the penitent tear, with what eagerness did they fly to convey this soul to the presence of their Lord; and as they thus learned more of redeeming grace, and conducted its first fruits to God, methinks higher swelled the bliss of heaven, and sweeter flowed its immortal songs.

How enrapturing the thought of meeting, and for ever mingling with the great and good assembled from every nation, and kindred, and tongue!—to sit at the feet of patriarchs, and hear them relate their long experience of the goodness of God, and the power of his grace during their earthly pilgrimage!—to listen to Enoch, as he tells how he walked with God three hundred years, and then, far above the vale of death, soared to heaven!—to hear Noah relate the wonders and terrors of the flood, which swept away the ungodly!—to receive from Abraham the story of that wonderful trial and triumph of his faith!—to listen while patient Job rehearses his afflictions, and magnifies the grace of God, which enabled him to endure unto the end!—to hear Moses recite the history of the wonders done in Egypt, the Red Sea, and in the desert, with all the displays of God's power, goodness, and justice, by his hands!—to hear David, and Isaiah, and other worthies, tell the wonders of redeeming grace, and sing, in sublimer strains than earth's language would admit, the lofty praises of their God! while the apostles rehearse the particulars of their sojourn with the Son of God, and recount the early triumphs of the cross of Christ! This, with the absence of all evil, would certainly make this earth a paradise to the Christian soul. What, then, will heaven be, since this will be only an item of its enjoyment!

"And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What heights of rapture shall we know,
When round his throne we meet!"

DEATH OF CLEOPATRA.

BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

THE stars of Egypt's haughty crown
Were settled on the brow,
And many a purple wave swept down
From royal dust below.
Girt with the realms that owned her power,
Enthroned in regal pride,
With priceless kingdoms for a dower,
Imperial beauty died!
The spoils of cities overthrown
Her broad dominion lined;
With pearls her palaces were sown,
As blossoms by the wind;

Her merchant ships on every sea
The royal flag unrolled,
Laden with spices heavily,
And fragrant oil, and gold.

And yet from all the proud array
That gather round a throne,
The Queen imperious turned away,
Sickened, and died alone!
How died she? Through her chamber dim
Did songs and victories roll?
And were there fervent prayer and hymn
Said for the parting soul?

Not so: they brought her robes of state,
And decked her for the tomb;
And, cumbered with their gorgeous weight,
She proudly met her doom;
And o'er the hand of heavy clay,
That once had guided wars,
In all their mocking beauty lay
The purple and the stars!

Earth lent her soul no power to stem
Such stormy waves as were;
And the sweet star of Bethlehem
Had risen not for her.
O Thou, who daily giv'st its beams,
Be the dark sin forgiven,
Of her whose weird and mystic dreams
Were all she knew of heaven!

A TRIBUTE TO MR. DURANT WATERMAN.

BY GEORGE WATERMAN, JR.

My brother, art thou really gone?
Can earth no more thy spirit hold?
A seraph now before the throne
Art thou, whose joys can ne'er be told?
This truth I cannot realize;
And yet I know that thou art blest;
For Jesus said, "*Beyond the skies*
With me shall all my servants rest."

To rest with Jesus, free from sin—
To live beneath his radiant smile,
No more to feel one pang within,
Nor aught which could the soul defile—
To know as we by him are known—
To see his glory all unveiled—
Our nature on th' eternal throne,
With that of Deity revealed—

This must be bliss no human mind,
Imprisoned in its walls of clay,
Can e'er conceive or comprehend.
And is this thine, my brother? say!
Then I for thee may ne'er repine:
My heart, though anguish torn, be still!
To God, if called, thy ALL resign;
And bow submissive to his will.

SKETCHES OF NEW ENGLAND LIFE.*

BY REV. A. STEVENS, A. M.

DINNER over and "the things cleared away," a large log was brought in by three or four of us, and placed in the kitchen chimney. The Deacon's wife, content with the distinguished achievements of the day, resigned that field to the children. They were furnished with nuts and hammers, and took possession, with a speech from Jonathan Peabody, who exhorted them to "make the old foundations tremble and start all creation." In five minutes after, it was resounding like a bedlam of Lilliputians.

The happy hours of that afternoon flew like minutes. They were merrily, but, among the older company, (and who will say not among the younger?) they were wisely spent. The sweet affections of kindred were revived amidst the cheerfulness of the scene; the bare recognition or slight acquaintance which too often takes the place of earlier intimacies, among the different and constantly diverging branches of a family, were warmed into affectionate familiarity. Before that delightful day closed, we were as intimate with each other as if we had lived together all the days of our lives. Its influence could not fail to be voluntary—it was a beautiful and demonstrative illustration of the affections and felicity of a virtuous home. The haunts and dissipations of vice could be recalled amidst such innocent joys only with disgust. What young man, thought I to myself, what young man, trained amidst such household associations, can escape the spell of their charm in after life? How, after such a sight, can his soul fail to be stirred within him, with ambition to be virtuous, industrious, and successful, that he may gather around himself a home of love, gladness, and innocence like this? Who, said I, (growing warm in my soliloquy,) who, after such a day, could resign himself to perpetual bachelorship? Who—and before me passed Jenny, glowing with healthful beauty and gladness—who could look upon that lovely being, and not thank God for woman? Who—but I am going too fast.

The evening came. We were called to a plentiful and joyful supper. On returning to the parlors, the younger members of the company, by accident or natural affinity, gathered in one, while the seniors remained in the other. Two of the latter, however, soon followed the young people: one, of course, was Jonathan Peabody, whose heart had never outgrown its youth; the other was Peleg Walters, the dreadnaught of the county. Every Yankee is an original; but Peleg Walters was a pre-eminent one. He was a burly personage, with a stumpy frame, as tough as a pine knot. Peleg was as brave as Mars, and as tender as a child. He was noted for bold

exploits and hair-breadth escapes. He had been in the upper country as far as the Canada line—a region which was then a howling wilderness—and had fought with Indians, bears, and wildcats; a deep scar on his left cheek had been received in one of these combats. A remarkable trait about Peleg was, that he never, with one exception, retailed his own adventures: they were related by his comrades, several of whose scalps he had saved. The one exception was an evidence of Peleg's inherent honesty: it was a rencontre with a ghost, in which he always confessed himself (to use his own words) "confoundedly scared"—the only instance in his life, certainly, in which he experienced fear.

The young folks were besieging Peleg for "a story." "Well," said he, "if you will stop your racket, I will tell you one about a ghost."

"About a ghost, Peleg!" exclaimed Jonathan Peabody. "Pshaw, nonsense! there are no ghosts."

"Let me tell my story, and you may believe it or not, as you please," replied Peleg, rather soberly; for ever since the circumstance referred to, this stout-hearted rustic had regarded such subjects with credulous solemnity.

"Well, go on with it," said Jonathan; "but mind you, if you don't bring it out right so as to show that it was all fudge, I'll tell one too, that shall prove there's nothing in such nonsense."

The group gathered around Peleg's chair with eager faces, and he proceeded thus: "About the time that my brother John died, twenty years ago, there was a report all about the town, that the two doctors in — used to come over here, on the night after every funeral, to dig up the dead body, and carry it off for to study medicine over it. I was determined they should not have John, unless they could take me alive with him; so I went to watch all night, in the dark, at his grave. John's grave, you must know, was in the corner of the grave-yard, just where it touches the walk that crosses the common, on t'other side of the church, so that I hadn't to go into the grave-yard, but sat down on the common, around the corner, and leaned against a post, where I could see the grave jist as well as if I sat by the side of it. Well, there sits I, hearing the church clock strike, and meditating on those rascally doctors, who wasn't satisfied with taking the money out of people's pockets, and the lives out of their bodies, but wanted to take the very bones out of their graves also. By and by it struck twelve; and, as people used to go to bed earlier in those days than now, and I had been watching a long time, I began to think there would be no doctors there that night. I felt a sort of sorry at the thought, for I used to like a tussle, now and then, in those days; and I felt as if I would like to catch all three of them together; for I was determined to give them such a thrashing that they would never come into our town again without trembling in their shoes. Jist as my back-bone was

* Concluded from page 51.

stiffening up at the thought—horrible! what should I see as I lift my eyes from the ground, but a spirit, all in a white winding-sheet, come right out of the air at the corner of the common, not ten feet from where I sat—as true as I'm a living man!"

"A spirit!" exclaimed Jonathan Peabody; "fudge, Peleg, you had been drinking too much."

"Drinking!" replied Peleg. "Do you think I would be a-drinking too much on the day when I buried my brother? No; it *was* a spirit. Didn't I see it with my two eyes, and didn't I feel it with my hand, as I am a-going to tell you? If a man can't believe what he sees and feels, what can he believe, I want to know? It *was* a spirit, I tell you; and, whew! if I didn't feel odd; I was never so much scared in all my born days, not even when swimming across the Upper Connecticut, with twenty Indians firing at me at once. The sweat sprung right out of me, my hair stood up on end, and I thought I was gone for it at last, after all my escapes. But, somehow or other, all in an instant, my spunk came again. I leaped up. 'Halt!' cried I; and, rushing at it, seized it by the arm, when, with a shriek, such as I never heard in this world, it skimmed away on the air, jist above the earth, and when it got some distance, vanished into nothing again. Now, believe it or not, I tell you I saw it and I felt it, and I felt the sleeve of the grave-clothes tear as I took hold on it; but, somehow or other, it seemed so awful to touch a spirit from eternity, that I trembled, and was so weak that I could not hold on an instant. I took to my heels as soon as it vanished, and dreamed all night about it for a week afterward. There, if I was to die to-night, I would say what I have said over the Bible—its the living truth, whether you believe it or not."

"Dreadful!" exclaimed the young listeners, pale and shivering; for they had, in common with all the village, the fullest confidence in Peleg's word.

"Its the living truth," repeated Peleg Walters. "I saw it and I felt it, and I know it was a spirit, and all creation can't make me believe it was not. Whew! I sweat even now when I think on it. I have never passed that corner of the commons at night since, and never will."

"Well, that *is* odd," said Jonathan, looking a little embarrassed for a moment; "but how do you know, Peleg, that the doctors didn't hear of your intention, and got somebody to act the ghost to frighten you a little; and as you sat around the corner, and didn't see him until he turned it, he might seem to you to come, as you say, right out of the air."

"I don't care what you say," responded Peleg, "I tell you it *was* a spirit. It was white, and slight, and had a squealing voice like a woman's; and do you think the doctors could get a woman to act the ghost near a grave-yard, and at midnight, and against a man of my strength?"

"Well, now," replied Jonathan, "a great many odd

things take place in this world. Let me tell you my ghost story, and see how that comes out."

Jonathan was about to commence, but the group had been so thoroughly terrified at Peleg's narrative, that they began to hurry into the other parlor, afraid to hear more on the subject. Jonathan and Peleg followed them. "Walters," said the former, as they entered the apartment, "has been frightening the young folks out of their senses by a wild ghost story. It is all fudge, boys and girls, I assure you it is all fudge; there are no ghosts."

"What's that you say, Mr. Peabody?" inquired "Aunt Kezia," with solemn emphasis. "Do you, a Christian man, say there are no ghosts? Hav'n't I seen one with my own eyes?"

"Ha! ha! What! another one?" exclaimed Jonathan. "Ghosts must be plenty about these regions. This must be a very spiritual village. I wish I could catch one of them; d'ye see, Kezia, I'd jist carry him all through the states, and to the old country, and come home with a fortune."

"Well, Mr. Peabody," continued "Aunt Kezia," looking at him over her spectacles, most gravely, "it is nothing to joke at, I can assure you—ghosts have been seen, and I have seen one;" and the old lady took a pinch of snuff.

"Well, Kezia, so have I," replied Jonathan. "One night, when the moonlight was a little hazy, my neighbor Rogles and his son came driving up the hill, near my house, like Jehu. I ran to the door to look out: there they came, beating the poor horse like all-possessed, right up that steep hill, where no one ever drives faster than a walk. 'Halloo, there, Rogles!' cried I. 'What in all natur are you up to?' And Rogles, all out of breath with fear, when he got up the hill, went on to tell me that, as they were riding past neighbor Phillips' field, they saw a ghost walking on the air, several feet above the ground, near a tree which stood by the fence that separates Phillips' lot from mine, and a few rods back from the road fence. 'Why, Rogles,' said I, 'what do you mean? You've lost your senses'—I didn't exactly believe what I said, however."

"I should think not," remarked "Aunt Kezia," abruptly.

"No, I really didn't, Kezia," resumed Jonathan; "for I thought, at the moment, that Rogles never had any sense to lose; for he was always over head and ears in superstitions."

"Do go on with the story," exclaimed "Aunt Kezia," taking another pinch of snuff, and offering the box to Mrs. Bearsley, who sat near her.

"Well, as I was a-going to say," continued Jonathan, "Rogles was panting worse than his poor horse, and when I proposed to him for to go down with me to see it again, he started as if he would jump out of his skin, and in a minute after was driving on homeward as fast as before. I felt a sort of curiosity to see what it could be; so, lighting my pipe, and

taking my ox-goad, off I went. When I got down in the road where the two lots join, I looked sharply, and sure enough there was a full-grown man, walking on the air, near the tree. He seemed to walk three or four feet one way, and then three or four t'other. 'Halloo, there!' cried I; but no answer. He still walked forward and backward. The wind was rather high, and I, thinking he did not hear me, hallooed again. 'What in all creation are you about there?' cried I; but still no answer. I confess I began to feel kind of queer, and had some thoughts of hastening home again. But then, thinks I, I will eye him a little closer first. So, getting over into my own lot, I crept a little ways along by the fence that ran up toward the tree, and then a little farther, and soon I saw that he was swinging in the wind from a long branch, by a rope that couldn't be seen from the road. 'Goodness!' cried I, 'he's hung! Here's a suicide!' and leaping on to the fence, and then on to the tree, out I went to the branch. I took hold of the rope, and cutting it above my hold, came down with the end in my hand, and pulled the body as fast as I could toward Phillips' house. I didn't dare to stop to look at the body, for I always had a kind of horror of dead bodies, especially suicides' bodies; so, dragging it along as fast as I could to Phillips' house, I knocked the door open and pulled it in. They all jumped up from the fire. 'Look here,' said I, 'here's a sight for you: a man has committed suicide!' At this word, Mrs. Phillips shrieked and fell right down in a fainting fit. She was sort of smart at fainting, you know, Kezia."

"I should think she might faint at such a sight," replied "Aunt Kezia."

"Well, wait a moment," continued Jonathan. "Phillips came running with the light, and the boys after him, all trembling; but as soon as they came near enough to see, they all burst out a-laughing, and danced about the room as if they would crack their ribs. 'What in natur,' said I, 'do you mean?' 'Why,' cried Phillips, holding on to his sides and hardly able to speak, 'ha! ha! ha! you have cut down our scare-crow!' I thought I should die; for there we all stood a-laughing, I don't know how long; and when we got a little over it, Mrs. Phillips had come to, and was a-laughing, also. 'But, Phillips,' said I, 'that's a rare scare-crow; we think it enough, generally, to put an old bonnet or coat on a pole.' 'Yes, but that's the boys' notion,' said Phillips. I gave them an old coat, and they must needs get a pair of trowsers, then a vest, and stuff them with straw, and then put on the legs an old pair of boots; and Susy, who is always up to mischief, made them a rag-baby's head, and Jim put his old hat on it. Then they took the notion to play the hangman with it on the tree; for there, you know, the crows always light.' There's my ghost story," concluded Jonathan. "I saw the spirit with my own eyes, and touched it at last with my own

hands, and I believe it as ginnywine a ghost as any of yours."

A general laugh ensued, and the young people, who had worn long faces since they heard Peleg's story in the adjacent room, began to cheer up.

"Aunt Kezia" appeared shocked at the levity of Jonathan, and the skepticism of the company. "You needn't think," said she, as she took another pinch of snuff, "ye needn't think to shake my faith with such infidel reasonings and jokes as these, Mr. Peabody. I am not old enough yet ('Aunt Kezia' was near seventy notwithstanding) to disbelieve my Bible and the ideas of the forefathers. I know there are ghosts, and I have seen one myself."

"And so have I," joined in Peleg Walters. "I know there are ghosts in the world, as sure as we are in it ourselves."

"Well, let's hear about your ghost, Kezia," said Jonathan; "perhaps you will convince us."

Eager with that natural love of the marvelous, which we all feel, the company gathered around the old lady to listen.

"Well then," she commenced, "you must know, that some twenty years ago my brother-in-law gave an evening party. The company was large, and we ate very freely of fruit; and fruit, I always said, was very bad to eat at night, before going to bed. I have known several persons killed by it."

"Yes," said Jonathan.

"For," continued Kezia, "it turns acid in the stomach, and produces"—

"To be sure, Kezia; but to the ghost," exclaimed Jonathan, impatiently.

"Well," resumed the old lady, "as I was a-going to say, we ate very hearty of it. When the company was going, my sister asked me to stay all night with them, as there was a rather heavy dew, and it was rather chilly, and I was dressed in my thin white clothes. Well, being accustomed frequently to spend the night there, I thought how I would. We went to bed; but, in about an hour, my brother-in-law, who was rather given to wind-colic, which is a very distressful complaint, for I have had it myself several times. I had it once when"—

"Yes, Kezia," interrupted Jonathan, "but we are after the ghost; let's get at the ghost, if you please."

"Well, as I was a-going on to say, my brother-in-law was taken with that distressful wind-colic, and was in terrible pain. So, by and by, my sister gets up, and calls me. I dressed myself, and went into their room, and there he was, almost a-dying of pain. We made a fire in the kitchen, and got some hot rum, and hot bricks, and hot other things, but they did him no good; for, after an hour, he was no better than before. I never saw such a distressful case in my life, except one, and that was Mrs. Crumple. There was Mrs. Crumple, attacked last year after eating mince-pie, at the minister's"—

"Very well, Kezia, but how far off is the ghost?" again exclaimed Jonathan.

"Mr. Peabody," answered Kezia, with dignity, "you will please to let me tell my story in my own way, if you please, sir."

"Well, go on, Kezia, any way," replied Jonathan, "only don't forget the ghost."

"Well, as I was saying, he grew no better, but rather worse; so we all began to be frightened, and to talk about the doctor; but there was not another soul of a man in the house, and no neighbor near us, as we lived away on the other side of the common. But, thinks I, it's a case of necessity, and I must go, though I had to pass over the lonely common, near the grave-yard, and it was midnight.

"Ha! ha!" cried Jonathan, "it was about twenty years ago, you said, did you, Kezia?"

"To be sure I did."

"And you was dressed in white?"

"Yes."

"And it was midnight?"

"Yes."

"And you crossed the common near the grave-yard?"

"Yes."

"Ha! ha! Go on, Kezia! Look out, Peleg!" And Jonathan winked at the latter with a look of indescribably jovial significance, while the shrewder ones among the young folks, who had heard Peleg's narrative in the other parlor, began to smile with conscious relief. Peleg looked volumes.

"You may say, Mr. Peabody, what you please," exclaimed "Aunt Kezia," with increased emphasis; "but jist wait till I get a little further, and see what you will say then, if you please, sir. Well, as I saw I must go, I called up all my courage, put on my sister's sun-bonnet, and started. I walked along pretty courageously till I got near the grave-yard, and then I felt a real presentment (as they call it) that I should see something; and I have always since believed in presentments, whatever people may say of them. Well, sure enough, just as I turned the corner of the grave-yard, on the common, up rises, out of the air, an awful looking figure of a man. 'Halt!' he cried, in a strange voice, that sounded as if it came out of the grave, or a worse place. I turned to run; but he grabbed me by the arm, and his skeleton fingers tore my sleeve. I jirked away, and flew back like lightnin'!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted Jonathan, and throwing himself, in convulsions of laughter, back into his chair, upset it among the company, knocking over with his feet, at the same time, the centre-table, with all its contents. The emotion, among all who had heard Peleg's story, was uncontrollable—the room rang with laughter. "Ha! ha! ha!" continued Jonathan, raising himself up, nothing daunted by his awkward downfall; "ha! ha! ha! your ghost is a better one, Kezia, than mine. Ha! ha! there he

stands," pointing to Peleg, who was holding on to his sides, and almost bursting.

"Aunt Kezia," astounded at this unaccountable outbreak, rose up with dignity. "What, Mr. Peabody, I want to know," she said, "what was there in my runnin' like lightnin', to be laughed at in this manner? I see there is no use of talkin'; nobody believes nothin' now-a-days. The world is all a-turnin' to infidelity, and I believe they will yet burn up the churches and Bibles. Woe, woe will be on you and your children, if things go on as they do now-a-days." "Aunt Kezia's" attitude and earnestness were so absolutely ludicrous, to those who understood the reason of the humorous outbreak, that the effect, notwithstanding their real regard for the old lady, was irresistible. The laughter became still louder, and even those who did not yet fully comprehend the case, caught the infection.

"Didn't I see the spirit," cried "Aunt Kezia," raising her voice above the clamor, and retiring backward toward the kitchen-door, "didn't I see the spirit rise up out of the air? Didn't I hear its voice, as from eternity? Didn't I feel its gripe upon my arm? Didn't my sister and brother-in-law see where it tore my sleeve? Would you have me doubt a thing that I saw with my five blessed senses?" And, overwhelmed with astonishment and indignation, she walked out of the parlor into the kitchen, to get her overshoes, (which were warming at the fire,) and go home.

Jonathan and some of the young people now followed her, and made out to communicate to her an explanation. The old lady was noted for the genuine benevolence of her heart. She had no enemies, and could readily and smilingly forgive all offenses. She heard Jonathan's solution of the case, shaking her head only in reply, and, before she left, passed again into the parlor, taking leave of every body with inexpressible complacency. Offering a pinch of snuff to Jonathan and Deacon Bearsley, she declared it had been one of the happiest Thanksgivings of her life, and left us with a thousand wishes that we might all be so happy as to meet there again on the next anniversary of the day.

* * * * *

The company had all gone. I sat in the midst of the family, around the hearth. A few sober, but affectionate and touching words, were spoken by the patriarch of the house. He referred to the goodness of the common Parent of all, and our obligations to him; of the rapidity with which, year after year, these happy occasions glided away; and of one, a beloved daughter, who was with them at the preceding festival, but was now sleeping beneath the snow, in the village burial-ground. Tears started in all eyes, and Jenny involuntarily sobbed aloud; for the departed one was her only sister, the cherished companion of her childhood. Our converse failed. The venerable parent took the family Bible, and

after reading a chapter, closed the evening with prayer. Pardon was craved for what might have been amiss during the day, thanksgivings offered for the past, and earnest supplications for the future, that whatever might betide us, whether early death, or prolonged and happy life, we might all assemble at last with that innumerable company, from whose eyes God's own hand shall wipe away all tears. I was not forgotten among the details of the prayer; and when the good man prayed that God would be with me, the stranger in a stranger's land, preserving my health and defending me against the temptations of youth, I overheard a sweet, though scarcely-whispered "amen:" it was breathed from the lips of Jenny.

Beautiful dreams hovered amidst my slumbers that night: ever and anon an angelic form bent above me, with eyes of exceeding love, such as might befit the seraph world; and ever as I gazed into that endearing face, did it gradually reveal to me the beautiful features of Jenny.

I commenced this sketch to relieve a sad hour by pleasant reminiscences; as I close it, sadness again spreads over my spirit. How difficult is the transition of a stricken mind from its tenacious sorrows to a happier mood! How sudden its lapse from studied cheerfulness to sadness and grief! But it is salutary to mourn over the memories of joys which have flown—memories that come back upon the soul like the strains of distant and dying music, sweetly, though sadly.

Many years have passed since that Thanksgiving day. They have been years of happiness to me; and I am grateful, yes, unutterably grateful, to that Father of all, who "hath done all things well." I have spent them amidst the affections of the happiest of families. I have succeeded in my plans; and on this bright June day, I sit, an old man with silver locks, amidst my estates. Out of the window, before me, I behold a beautiful and beloved form, just budding into womanhood. She gathers flowers along the garden paths, but bears them to a grave in the shade of drooping willows. She is the child of my love, and in that grave sleeps her mother—it is the grave of Jenny.

CHRISTIAN LIBERALITY.

BY A LADY.

Not long since, Mr. Editor, I visited the Catholic church in Fulton, and listened to the strangest accusation ever made, it seems to me, against the Protestant religion. The priest said, with great emphasis, that the Protestants do not pretend to worship God, but only men looked upon as divinities, each sect

having its own set of little gods. The Presbyterians, said he, worship John Calvin, the Methodists John Wesley, and so on with the other denominations. With this statement, made with apparent sincerity, and sent home by all the fervor of his eloquence, he actually deceived his entire congregation. They all thoroughly believed him, and looked round on each other with the most evident wonder, as if each one were ejaculating, "What a pity!" Such is the liberality, such the truth, of Catholicism in this country! Do you not think, Mr. Editor, that we ought to patronize it? Is it not wise to send our children to school where they can be taught such precious truths, and be taught to imitate such morality? I will wait your answer. In the meantime, however, I shall continue to think, that the Romanists, in this country, maintain their influence by slandering the truth.

THE ANGEL OF HIS PRESENCE.

BY M. A. F.

"In all their afflictions He was afflicted, and the angel of His presence saved them."—PSALMS.

CHRISTIAN! in the hour of sickness,
When the fevered pulse was high,
Did the angel of His presence
Pass before thy languid eye?
Were his arms then laid beneath thee,
Yielding pure and tranquil rest?
Was thine aching head then pillow'd
On the dear Redeemer's breast?

When around thy rugged pathway
Clouds were gath'ring thick and fast,
When the world seemed cold and hollow
And thou couldst not bear the blast—
Didst thou then, amid the darkness,
See a bright, angelic form?
'Twas the angel of His presence,
To protect and shield from harm.

When, in gloomy hours of anguish,
Thou didst kneel beside the tomb,
And, with gushing tears of sorrow,
Strive to penetrate the gloom—
O, the angel of His presence
Then was near, divinely near;
And thou heard'st His counsels stealing
Soft as whispers to thine ear.

Christian! when the waves of Jordan,
Rolling from the further shore,
Fiercely surge and dash about thee,
And thou tremblest at their roar—
Then, O then, amidst the darkness,
One will linger at thy side—
Yea, the angel of His presence
Then will bear thee o'er the tide.

ALICE MAYWOOD.

BY MRS. S. J. HOWE.

"Human heart, this history
Is thy fated lot—
Even such thy watching
For what cometh not,
Till, with anxious waiting dull,
Round thee fades the beautiful.

Still thou seekest on, though weary,
Seeking still in vain—
Daylight deepens into twilight,
What has been thy gain?
Death and night are closing round
All that thou hast sought unfound!"

L. E. L.

THE above lines briefly tell the experience of thousands of hearts, in whose cells the life-blood almost stands still—perhaps from age—perchance from some other cause; for many are the causes which freeze or dry up the warm sources of life—the delicate fountain that was once stirred by each varying feeling, is frozen, to be unsealed no more, or scorched and dried up by life's impetuous fevers, until there remains only the worn and fretted channel where once it played!

But I do not intend writing a homily on the ills and disappointments of life; for every one, from his own life, may read sufficient. Would that it were not so—that the lives of the young readers for whom I write, might be shielded from the blight and bitterness of mortal life. My aim is to show the effects of romance and vanity upon young minds; and I cannot do so better than by laying before my readers one of the many sad illustrations to which memory reverts.

Alice Maywood was an only child, reared in all the luxury of wealth and pride of independence. With naturally a good heart, she might have made an estimable woman, if she had not lost her mother at an early age. Only children are apt to be spoiled; but an only child, without a mother, is a most pitiable object indeed: they grow up like wild vines, without any training; but in one respect a wild vine is not a fitting emblem of an only child, left an orphan; for the vine will find something around which it can cling, but the poor child rarely finds a fitting object to which its young affections may cling unsullied.

The father of Alice died while she was yet an infant; and after the death of her mother, which occurred before she had completed her seventh summer, she was left to the guidance of strangers, who were careful of every physical want—who saw that no wish was ungratified, but who never dreamed of the mind that was fast running to waste—the immortal mind that was perishing "for lack of knowledge." The brilliant and fashionable accomplishments of the day were acquired—was there any

thing more needed? Beauty and wealth were hers—gold at will—could more be required? Her guardians thought not; they deemed that the measure of her happiness was full.

Alice was gifted—if it be a gift—with an ardent imagination and extreme sensibility—her perceptions of the beautiful were keen and intuitive; and though her intellect was not of a strongly marked character, there was enough on which to have builded a noble superstructure.

"And what is mind in woman, but revealing
In sweet, clear light, the hidden world below,
By quicker fancies and a keener feeling
Than those around, the cold and careless, know."

At sixteen, the heroine of our story was acknowledged to be a paragon of beauty; but she was also a wild and wayward visionary. Novel after novel, and romance after romance had been eagerly devoured, until the mind, fettered and cloyed, refused any other nourishment. Hour by hour she sat and dreamed of herself as the heroine of some wild and exciting romance, until she only existed in an ideal world, and entirely forgot that there were important duties to perform in this.

Proud, and vain of her beauty, she claimed admiration as her due, nor deemed that a single heart would refuse to accord it. She was a queen, and her subjects were bound to love her.

Just at this period of our story, Alice was invited to visit a sister of her mother's, in a distant part of the country. She knew that her aunt was poor; but, like every romantic young lady, she invested poverty with a great many charms, which, alas! sad experience tells us do not exist. "Love in a cottage" is a favorite theme with sentimental young ladies, who know poverty only as a word.

Alice believed that she was about to realize some of her early day-dreams—that *there*, beneath the luxuriant grape-vine and tasseled honeysuckle, the bright birds singing their love-notes above her head, she should meet some gallant cavalier, who would breathe into her ear the sweet and musical vows of a first love. With joyful anticipations she set out on her journey, passing through the rich and varied scenery as one would pass through a dream—feeling that there was beauty, but seeing none distinctly.

When she arrived at her aunt's home, the twilight shadows were deepening into night; and as she looked on the immense forest, that stretched away as if interminable—upon the towering mountain, whose head seemed to seek companionship among the stars—the neat, but homely cottage at its foot, embowered among the wild and odorous vines, she felt that the dreams of her heart would most surely be fulfilled.

She was met by her aunt with an affectionate and cheerful cordiality, which made her feel at ease, and gave to her heart a home-feeling she had never known before. How happy she felt as she sat down in that

humble cottage, surrounded by a group of artless children, all anxious to see their new cousin; and the great house-dog, reposing at her feet, gazing wistfully in her face, as if he too knew her, and bade her welcome; and presently a little laughing girl brought in her dimpled hands the pet kitten, soft and white as down, and laid it softly in "Cousin Ally's" lap, and Alice smiled and caressed it. She felt happy and pleased; for nature had, for a few moments, asserted her dominion.

The evening passed pleasantly away; and when the hour for retiring came, the word of God was brought from its daily resting-place, and a portion of it read aloud by the father of the family. The children were gathered together in a quiet and attentive group, and when the reading was finished, each one kneeled softly down, while the heart-warm thanks of the father were proffered at a throne of grace in behalf of his family, and the watchfulness and protection of Heaven devoutly invoked for the coming night. Alice had never heard such a prayer, and she wondered much at the confidence with which he spoke. The happiness of this family puzzled her strangely; for it seemed to come from a source of which she had never dreamed. She did not know

"He is the happy man, whose life e'en now
Shows somewhat of that happier life to come—
Who, doom'd to an obscure but tranquil state,
Is pleased with it; and, were he free to choose,
Would make his fate his choice. Whom peace, the fruit
Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith,
Prepare for happiness, bespeak him one
Content indeed to sojourn while he must
Below the skies; but, having thus his home,
The world o'erlooks him in her busy search
Of objects more illustrious in her view;
And, occupied as earnestly as she,
Though more sublimely, he o'erlooks the world."

Among the few, but well-chosen acquaintances, who visited the house of Mr. Allen, was a young and well-educated man, whose name was Roland. Handsome and well-bred, and withal wealthy, his first appearance caught the fancy, if not the heart, of Alice. But he, too, was religious; and though in her heart she felt respect and honor for the religion of her new-made friends, she felt an awe and restraint in their presence which was not agreeable to her.

Charles Roland had been religiously brought up—his mind was imbued with pure and upright principles—his judgment was clear and calm; and, though warm and generous-hearted, he was not likely to be led astray.

His residence was in a neighboring town, not far from the home of Mr. Allen, and, therefore, he became a frequent visitor; for there he found the congeniality of spirit which he sought. In a few weeks after the arrival of Alice, Charles began to question his own heart. He saw that he was learning to love Alice, and his judgment whispered that affection would be thrown away—that a heart so sullied by

vanity—a mind so corrupted and carried away by romance and false sensibility, should not belong to the woman whom he would be willing to call his wife. Weeks flew by, and yet almost every day found him lingering beneath the well-trained vines that crept over the door of Mr. Allen's cottage. If Alice rode or walked, he was by her side—and yet he was not happy. Often he thought he would speak to Alice on the subject of religion—that he would endeavor to turn the current of her thoughts; for he felt convinced that, if her heart were changed, all would be right—that her selfishness and foolish romance would melt away in the light of religion, as the mists of morning retire before the sun. One evening they had wandered to a favorite spot—a fountain almost covered with wild and luxuriant flowers. The clear and sparkling water bubbled up through the bright sand, and, leaping over the moss-clad rocks, went merrily on its way. They sat down by the fountain-side, with uneasy hearts; for Alice loved Charles as well as she was capable of loving any one, and he was restless, because he liked not the chain that bound him.

"What a glorious sunset!" said Charles, with enthusiasm, as they seated themselves on the luxuriant grass.

"Beautiful, indeed," responded Alice; "but how much more beautiful if there were some old ruin near would it seem—the light rays falling on the mantling ivy"—

"Is that all," interrupted Charles, rather sadly, "which it brings to your mind?"

"Indeed, I never see a sunset without recalling the beautiful scenery of Italy, with its old ruined castles covered with romance."

"Do you never think of the Hand which made the sun, Alice, and hung his evening couch with such a gorgeous curtain?"

"Ah! now you intend to lecture me, and I shall certainly leave you—so beware!"

"No, I do not intend to 'lecture you,' as you say; but I would fain draw your mind upward, above the beauties you so much admire, to Him who made them: you owe them all to His benevolence. I would lead your heart

"Through nature up to nature's God!"

"I must acknowledge," and Alice looked up timidly, "that I have not thought much of these things. I love the hour of sunset, the glorious stars above us, and the beautiful flowers at our feet, because they are all beautiful; but I have never inquired why they are so. I think that is needless."

"Needless, Alice! If some unknown friend were to place around you, books, and birds, and flowers, with a profusion of diamonds and pearls, which you so much love, would you not ask who placed them there? and would you not be grateful to that friend?"

"Certainly I would; but I have never looked at the subject in this light before. I have enjoyed

life—I have loved nature, and it was enough for me that I was happy."

"And are you always happy? Does the thought never cross your mind, that life must have an end? and that your eyes must close for ever on the beauties of nature and the world's delights?"

"O, I never think of that," said Alice, with a shudder; "that is too gloomy. Let us go—you almost frighten me with your sad looks."

"No, I entreat you to sit still for a few minutes longer. I dreamed of you last night, Alice—a dream that made an impression on my mind never to be forgotten. It has made me sad and gloomy the whole day."

"I regret, indeed, that your dreams of me should make you sad; but I am waiting—tell me this wonderful dream."

"I dreamed that I sat beside this fountain, where we now sit, and *there*—at the foot of that vine-clad rock—grew a flower transcendently beautiful; and gradually the heart of the flower, far down in the bright-hued bell, assumed the face and expression of Alice Maywood. There were other flowers in profusion, but none so beautiful; and over the soft green grass hundreds of fairies were tripping merrily—each carrying a drop of pearly dew to refresh his favorite flower; but many waited on the bright and queenly flower alone, forgetful of the presence of others, while *all*, for a moment, bowed at the shrine of beauty. But the fair flower looked down in scorn, even though their homage made her life—without those refreshing dew-drops she could not have lived, and yet she scorned the bearers. She was wrapped up in a dream of her own excelling beauty, and cared not for the worshipers at her feet. She claimed their admiration as her due, and received it as such. There was one among those fairy dew-drop bearers who loved this flower fondly, and mourned for the vanity which consumed her; but he feared to tell her of her fault, and yet he knew there were none loved her as he did—that duty and love to her ought to embolden him to speak—and, after much communing with himself, he gently told her of the blot upon her beauty—that it was in her own power to cleanse it—he told her of his own love—how long he had cherished it, and that, if she would submit to his guidance, he would help her to erase it; but coldly she turned away, and repelled his love with bitter scorn. Gradually the fairy lovers left the shrine of that beautiful flower, and she was alone. Sometimes a stranger would pass along, and accord an admiring glance, but pass on and soon forget her existence. At length her beauty faded—she drooped sadly on her fragile stalk, and the bewitching dream of her beauty passed away for ever."

As he finished, Alice looked up at her lover, and a smile of bitter scorn passed over her features as she said, "Thank you for your allegory, though it is a

poor one. I am the flower, and you the fairy, of course."

"Be not angry, Alice; I have but done my duty."

"Who made it your duty?"

"Love! the best of all teachers. I could not calmly see you sport away your life, and not warn you of the danger."

"You are very bold."

"My religion taught me to be so—it has emboldened me to risk your displeasure. Alice, I have watched the workings of your mind closely—forgive me if I speak plainly—you love yourself too well—you have peopled the future with beautiful visions, never to be realized—your life is passing away, alike useless to others and yourself. But it is not too late—listen to me—I will assist you to erase the blot from the lovely flower, and you may yet be happy!"

"I am not aware of the blot you speak of. It is true that I look forward into the future for that happiness which I have never yet found; for I have never seen the man whom I deemed worthy of my heart. I ask for love such as but rarely graces this earth; but such I must find, or die a sad and hopeless death. And now farewell—we part here for ever!"

"You are offended, Alice!"

"I am much displeased that you should have taken the liberty to speak in such a manner."

"I have but done my duty. Farewell! and may your fate not be like the fair flower of the dream."

Thus they parted; and Alice dreamed on—for ever the heroine of some wild romance, drinking in admiration as the flower drinks the dew, and throwing from her the love of true and honest hearts, that might have made her happy. Years passed away, and her beauty faded, and, one by one, her admirers left the shrine at which they had so fondly worshiped. Occasionally a new one made his appearance, and created new hopes—the hope that her dreams of romance would be fulfilled.

"Dream after dream ensued,

And still she dreamed that she would yet succeed,
And still was disappointed;"

until, at last, there was no lover left—the beauty of the flower had departed for ever! She was at once robbed of admiration, and her dreams of the future; for of what could she dream? For her there was naught but desolation and repining; for her spirit had never looked beyond the vista of time. But often did she sadly look back over her misspent life, sullied at its source by romance and vanity, and wish that she had profited by Charles Roland's day-dream of the forest flower.

ETERNITY.

As the fixed stars, by reason of our being placed at such a distance from them, appear but as so many points, so when in ETERNITY we shall look back upon all time, it will appear but as a moment.—*Law.*

MUTATIONS OF HUMANITY.

BY PROFESSOR LARRABEE.

THE elements of change enter deeply into the constitution of all human things. Nature herself, though, to our view, her laws remain invariable, exhibits one continuous series of changes. Nothing earthly continueth in one stay. The plant that springs from the earth, passes through rapid gradations, until it comes to maturity, and then it declines and perishes. Another rises in its place, flourishes for awhile, and, in its turn, gives way for its successor. Every animal, from the microscopic insect to the lord of creation, exists in a state of perpetual transition. The earth herself escapes not the fate of all her children. The beautiful scenery of nature, whose brilliant colors are stamped on all the impressions of childhood, and woven with all the dreams of maturer years, might, in the lapse of centuries, become strange to us.

Nothing, however, is more subject to change than the works and the institutions of man. Should the wise king of Israel be permitted to revisit the earth, he would look in vain for the temple of Jehovah, or the city in which it stood. Memnon would not recognize, in the broken columns on the banks of the Nile, his hundred-gated Thebes; nor would Zenobia find among the palm trees her Palmyra. The Roman of the Augustan age would find little or nothing in the modern city to remind him of the Rome of the Cæsars.

Nor are the social and political institutions of man less instable than his works of art. The laws of Lycurgus and of Solon exist only as history. The institutions by which Lacedemon, and Athens, and Rome rose to greatness, and maintained, for ages, the chief place among nations, have long since passed away. The institutions of the middle ages exist no longer. Forms of government, modes of living, and social habits, have all changed, and all keep incessantly changing still.

Changes in the institutions of man are connected with the progress of humanity, and, indeed, are essential to it. Conservatism is ever hostile to improvement. The mutable constitution, therefore, of human creations is made, in the wisdom of Providence, subservient to human progress. There are, also, involved in the mutations of humanity, other principles, which will appear as we trace the progress of society.

In the interior of Africa, among the mountains of the moon, at the sources of the Nile, dwelt, in early times, the people called by the Greeks the Ethiopians. Little is known of the extent of their country, of the number of the people, of the form of government, or of their social institutions. The shadows of forty centuries have gathered around them. But that there was the cradle of civilization and of

art, and that the immediate descendants of the Ethiopians arrived, in some of the arts, at a degree of perfection which modern nations have not equaled, are facts attested by monuments as enduring as the granite hills. The story of their greatness was yet fresh in the time of Homer, who says that Jupiter, out of respect to their attainments, annually made them a visit, with all his train, for twelve days.

From Ethiopia colonies emigrated to the plains of Chaldea, and to the valley of the Nile. The most important member of the family was Egypt. It was the glory of kingdoms. To her the polished nations of modern Europe owe the origin of art and literature. While the nations of the Caucasian race, now so distinguished in the world, were scarcely yet in the rudiments of being, the people on the banks of the Nile were erecting edifices, which modern art can hardly equal, and writing on them a language which modern science can hardly interpret.

The Labyrinth is declared by Herodotus, the earliest of the Greek historians, to be the greatest triumph of human art, far exceeding all the works of Greece. The pyramids, those stupendous masses of gigantic blocks of granite, have withstood the ravages of unknown centuries. Scattered all along the Nile, over the plains of Memphis, and of Dendera, and of Thebes, are remains of works of art which no modern nation may attempt to rival. The catacombs are populous with the dead of thirty centuries, preserved in substance and in form by means unknown to modern science. The literature of this wonderful people is engraven and sculptured in characters inimitable by the moderns, on the pyramids, and obelisks, and ruined temples.

Brilliant was the career of this remarkable race. For a thousand years or more its star was high in the ascendant. It had, in the order of Providence, its mission to fulfill, and then its place was supplied by another. It accomplished its work, and then it went to its reward. It acted its part in the drama of humanity, and then disappeared for ever from the stage. Its part was a showy one. Its work was one of physical cunning and artistic excellence. Its mission was one of concentrated human effort under the direction of absolute monarchy. The cities, pyramids, and temples of the Nile, were the result of physical effort directed by one mind, absolute in authority over the millions.

"Those ages have no memory, but they left
A record in the desert: columns strown,
On the waste sands; and statues, fallen and cleft,
Heaped like a host in battle overthrown;
Vast ruins, where the mountain's ribs of stone
Were hewn into a city; streets that spread
In the dark earth, where never breath has blown
Of heaven's sweet air, nor foot of man dares tread
The long and perilous ways, the cities of the dead;
And tombs of monarchs to the clouds up-piled.
They perished, but the eternal tombs remain;
And the black precipice, abrupt and wild,
Pierced by long toil and hollowed to a fane,

Huge piers and frowning arches forms of gods sustain,
The everlasting arches dark and wide,
Like the night heaven, when the clouds are black with rain,
But idly skill was tasked, and strength was plied—
All was the work of slaves to swell a despot's pride."

From Egypt we pass to Greece. The Grecian republics once formed a brilliant constellation in the world of science and of art. Like the lost pleiad their place is vacant; but the light which they emitted has not yet faded away from our sight.

The mission of the Greeks was one of literature and of taste. They excelled in poetry and the fine arts. Homer yet holds the first rank among epic poets. Neither Shakspeare nor any other modern author has produced a tragedy more powerful to excite intense interest in the mind, or to break up the deep fountains of human feeling, than the Edipus of Sophocles, or the Medea of Euripides, or the Prometheus of Eschylus. Herodotus and Thucydides are yet models for the historian. No age has ever produced finer specimens of biography and memoirs than the sketches of Socrates by Plato and Xenophon. Demosthenes yet holds his place as prince of orators. The geometry of Euclid yet forms the text-book in the highest seminaries of Europe.

In the fine arts, those which distinguish a polished people, the Greeks excelled the moderns. The various styles of architecture are yet known by Grecian names. In statuary and painting they reached a point of eminence, unattainable by the most highly gifted of later times.

The Greeks were not inattentive to the diffusion of knowledge. In the earlier days of their career, histories and poetry were rehearsed by the author in the theatres and other public places. In this way Herodotus published his incomparable histories, and Homer his immortal poems. In later times, large libraries were collected. At Pergamus was a library of 300,000 volumes; at Constantinople another of 120,000; while the Alexandrian library contained 700,000. In the United States, the largest public library, that of Harvard University, is but about 50,000, while all the libraries of all the colleges in America comprise but about 250,000 volumes.

The population were generally educated. A Grecian citizen unable to read and write would have been deemed an anomaly. In this respect their census would appear much better than ours. It was the duty, by law, of each citizen to afford his children such an education as would fit them not only for the business of private life, but also for that of the state.

Such, then, was the mission of Greece—a mission of taste and of poetry. Glorious was their career, but it soon closed. Brilliant shone their sun, but it has long since gone down, and darkness has gathered over the whole land. The same blue waters, the same fairy isles, the same grand hills, the same fertile vales, and the same meandering streams are there, as when these scenes kindled up the light of

genius in the poet, and people are there, too; but, alas, how changed!

"He who hath bent him o'er the dead,
Ere the first day of death is fled,
Before decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,
And marked the sweet angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there,
And but for that sad shrouded eye,
That looks not, wins not, weeps now,
And but for that chill, changeless brow,
Some moments, ah! one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power,
So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
The first, last look by death revealed.
Such is the aspect of this shore:
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more."

To the Grecian succeeded the Roman. The science and the knowledge, but not the taste and the poetry of the Greeks, passed to the Romans. The mission of the Romans was to conquer the world and themselves.

The conquest of the world was effected by the indomitable energies of her generals and her soldiers. The hand of Providence was in it, for thereby was the world prepared for the advent of the Savior. The fierce barbarian was subdued, the restless Parthian quieted, and the fickle African subjected to law. The world was at peace. The gates of the war temple, turning on their unused and rusty hinges, were closed.

"No war nor battle's sound
Was heard the world around,
But peaceful was the night,
In which the Prince of light,
His reign of peace upon the earth began."

But the conquest of themselves was a higher achievement of Roman virtue, than the conquest of the world. And self-conquest was the great and leading idea of the Roman age. The Roman times were times of sternness of moral character—of determined purpose—of unrelaxing energy—of unyielding virtue—of devotion and self-sacrifice to the public interests. The glory of the age was the subjugation of the propensities, the passions, and even the affections of nature.

But this form of humanity, though its chief ingredient might be iron, decomposed and crumbled away, like its more perishable predecessors. It answered the purpose for which Providence designed it, and then ceased to be. From the everlasting forests and the frozen hills of the north there poured down on the sunny fields of Italy countless multitudes of strange men, before whose frosty fingers the arts withered, and at whose rude approach literature and taste retired.

Strange were the mutations of humanity that followed during the period of at least one thousand years. It is difficult to determine the peculiar mission of the middle ages. It was the winter of humanity—the season necessary, in human as well as

vegetable life, for gathering up the energies and preparing and maturing the materials for a more vigorous growth. And long as was that winter, it at last wore away, and spring returned. And how glorious was that spring! New life was infused into every department of human interest, and man, prostrate for ages, appeared again walking erect in the image of his Maker.

Time would fail us to notice the characteristic, the leading idea, or, to use the word we have adopted in this article, the *mission* of the various communities of modern times. There is, however, one characteristic strongly marking the present age. The principle is more fully developed in our own, than in any other country. It is *independence of thought and freedom of action*. The Pilgrims who first settled North America were men who sacrificed every thing for

"Freedom to worship God."

Toleration they might have had in their own country; but with this they were not satisfied. They demanded freedom and independence. To secure it they left their home, their dear native land, and sought a new home on the bleak and barren coast of the north Atlantic. The principle of independence, though beginning in religious interests, ended not here. It soon naturally extended to politics. The Declaration of American Independence was the legitimate result of the principles the Pilgrims had adopted.

Perpetuity of national existence is not to be expected in the present constitution of humanity. Each nation, as well as each individual, has its work to do, and when it has done that work, it gives place to its successor. We, too, must depart in our turn, when our work is done. Nor may any nation hope for a resurrection. Nations, like individuals, live but once. When they die, they die for ever. But man, if he die, lives again, and lives for ever.

FRANCES ELIZABETH.

BY MISS M. E. WENTWORTH.

NEW ENGLAND breezes fanned thy brow
When first thine infant eyes
Beheld the green of glorious earth,
Or blue of floating skies;
Ye caught the sunlight rays that flashed
Across its dimpled streams,
Or lay in shadows on its hills,
Or fell in broken beams.

Brief months went down the tide of time:
Thy lot was doomed to change;
And thou and thine were far away,
In landscape new and strange—
The prairie land, the boundless blue,
The cloud of purple dye,

The rainbow hues, the penciled tints,
The gorgeous sunset sky.

The song of birds, the scent of flowers,
The hum of sighing bees,
The harvest shining in the sun,
The light on waving trees,
A moment raised thy drooping pulse,
And cheered thy languid sight,
Ere death thy silken lashes bound
To earthly loves and light.

Ah! ruthless spoiler, tarry yet,
Till on the blue-veined brow
Faith writes, with bright baptismal dews,
The infant's covenant vow.
Now rosy morn in floods of light
Through cottage casement falls,
But morn nor light no more shall play
Upon those sightless balls.

How lovingly the purple lids
On the fair cheeks repose!
So morning flow'rs from noonday heats
Their blushing petals close.
Through curtained panes the sun subdued
Falls on thy golden hair;
But death has touched those golden locks,
And wept his dew-drops there.

Ye lived and loved, was loved, and died—
Died in a stranger's land—
The confined bed, thy spotless shroud,
Made by a stranger's hand.
The friends who loved thee, gentle child,
Thy mourners, where were they?
Beyond the lakes, o'er waters blue,
O'er mountains, far away.

Within the shade of classic groves
Ye laid the lifeless clod,
While joyfully in faith ye gave
The spirit back to God.
There warbling birds their matins sing
Above thy narrow grave,
And whispering winds wail lightly there,
Where leafy walnuts wave.

As melts from heaven the crimson light
Of life's declining day,
Or flies the star from rosy dawn,
So thou hast passed away.
Bring prairie flowers, bright prairie flowers,
To shed their breath above
The little mound in prairie land,
Where we have laid our love.

PIETY.

"On piety, humanity is built;
And on humanity, much happiness;
And yet still more on piety itself.
A soul in commerce with her God is heaven."

REV. VALENTINE COOK.

BY BISHOP MORRIS.

AMONG the fathers of American Methodism, but few, if any, were more distinguished in the work than the Rev. V. Cook. Though no regular biographical sketch of his life and labors should ever be published, his name would be handed down by tradition from father to son, and from mother to daughter, to the third and fourth generations. His monument is in the affections of the people. I am pleased, however, to learn, that some of his lineal descendants are collecting materials for such a work, and wish them great success. The Church of Christ has already suffered much loss by its being deferred so long.

While Mr. Cook was a student in one of the colleges of Pennsylvania, if I am correctly informed, he gave indications of deep piety, and of talents which promised extensive usefulness in the work of the ministry, to which he was evidently called of God. And such was the demand for laborers in that day, that Bishop Asbury made a call for him to go out into the vineyard of the Lord before he was ready to graduate; and feeling himself moved thereto by the Holy Spirit, he left all, and followed Christ. He was admitted as a traveling preacher in 1788. His first appointment was to Calvert, in the Baltimore conference; but most of his life was spent in the western country, especially Kentucky.

Mr. Cook's person was peculiar. He was very tall, but somewhat stooping in the shoulders—had a giant frame, without any surplus flesh. His small, dark eyes, were set far back in his large head; his mouth was unusually large; the general features of his face were coarse, his complexion sombre, and his beard heavy. Still, when he was preaching, and his countenance lighted up with intelligence, and his features softened with a glow of benevolence, and smoothed over with heavenly serenity, his appearance was not only striking, but, upon the whole, rather agreeable. No doubt one simple-hearted, pious woman thought so, when, having received a great blessing under his preaching, she looked up to him in the pulpit and said, "Father Cook, God bless your big mouth!"

In his manners, brother Cook was a pattern of Christian simplicity; so much so, that children felt unembarrassed in his presence. His colloquial powers were of a high order; and to all pious people he was at once an instructive and agreeable companion. Though capable of discussing any subject, his standing theme was religion. Whatever topic of conversation was introduced, he, in the end, turned it to the account of godly edification. He was considered, by all who knew him, a good fireside preacher, and, of course, was always a welcome guest.

Brother Cook, as a preacher, was altogether above the medium grade. His pulpit performances were marked for appropriateness, variety, fluency, and extraordinary force. Though possessed of a pacific spirit, he soon became distinguished as a defender of the faith against the various antichristian symptoms of the age and country in which he lived and labored; for in that day our fathers had numerous opponents, and had to contend with the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God, for every inch of ground they occupied. But he became much more distinguished on account of his wonderful success in winning souls to Christ. Though he was a man of science and letters, he placed no dependence in either when preaching; but dealt only in the article of Gospel truth, presented in the most simple form, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power. This he did apparently with a firm confidence that God would bless his own truth to the present salvation of his hearers; and he was but seldom disappointed. Thousands received the word of life from his lips, who never heard it to profit before, and became the humble and happy subjects of the saving grace of God.

After being employed some twelve years as a regular itinerant preacher, want of health, or some other circumstance, induced him to take a local relation. Subsequently, he was, for some years, principal of an academy in Kentucky, and otherwise employed in teaching. But he was one of the few located brethren who never lost the spirit of their Gospel mission. So soon as he got his large family situated on a farm so as to get along without him, without changing his relation, he became an itinerant in fact, and gave himself wholly to the work of the ministry. His service was in great demand. Invitations from places far and near, more than he was able to fill, poured in upon him.

He was emphatically a man of prayer and faith, and, like Enoch, walked with God. Perhaps no man of modern times was more deeply imbued with the spirit of grace, had more experience in "the deep things of God," or felt more deadness to the world, than V. Cook. One consequence was, he sometimes betrayed absence of mind in commonplace matters. Indeed, when he retired for secret devotion, just before public service, his friends had to watch him, or he would pray till after the time appointed for him to commence preaching. In the winter of 1811 and 12, a succession of earthquakes caused such a shaking of the earth, that many people were greatly alarmed. The most violent concussion was felt on a certain dark night, at an untimely hour, when men were wrapped in slumber. It was enough to make the stoutest heart tremble. Brother Cook, suddenly roused from sleep, made for the door, exclaiming, "I believe Jesus is coming." His wife was alarmed, and said, "Will you not wait for me?" Said he, "If my Jesus is coming, I will

wait for nobody." Of course he felt both ready and anxious to meet his Lord and Savior.

While brother Cook was remarkable for solemnity, both of appearance and deportment, there was, in his natural composition, a spice of eccentricity, sufficient to attract attention, but not to destroy his ministerial influence. On one occasion, he commenced his public discourse, in a country place, thus: "As I was riding along the road to-day, I saw a man walk out into his field with a yoke under his arm; by the motion of a stick, he brought up two bullocks, and placed the yoke upon them. At another place I saw an ass standing by a corn-crib, waiting for his daily provender." Then he read for his text, "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib; but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider," Isaiah i, 3. He was a ready man, had a fruitful mind, and, no doubt, what he had seen on the way, suggested the subject of his discourse. Another instance of his well-meant eccentricity occurred at the Shaker village in Logan county, not far from his residence. Believing the Shakers were deluded, and feeling deeply concerned for their souls, he sought an interview with their head men, and, as he understood it, obtained leave to address their people on a certain Sabbath, at the close of their regular exercise. However, at the time agreed on, the Shaker preacher dismissed the congregation, and urged them to retire from the chapel immediately. But brother C. was not to be so easily defeated; and running before the people, mounted upon a hen-house, and called on them to stop and hear the word of the Lord. Some of them did so, and he preached to them from the words of Paul: "Now as Jannes and Jambres withstood Moses, so do these also resist the truth," 2 Tim. iii, 8. This novel movement arose from his ardent desire for the salvation of all men. But, so far as the result was known, it was lost labor.

My personal acquaintance with brother Cook commenced in his own house, near Russellville, Ky., in the summer of 1815, and was renewed when I became a member of the Kentucky conference by transfer in 1821. From that time till his death, my fields of labor being somewhat contiguous to his residence, I saw something of his movements, and heard much more. He was then an old man, and honored as a father in the Church, but still possessed of strong physical and mental powers. His aid was anxiously sought after on all important occasions in the west part of the state; and wherever he appeared in a religious assembly, he was hailed as a harbinger of mercy. Whole multitudes of people, on popular occasions, were moved by the Spirit of grace under his preaching, as the trees of the forest were moved by the winds of heaven. His last public effort, as I was informed by some who were present, made at Yellow Creek camp meeting, in Dixon county, Tenn., was a signal triumph. While preaching on

the Sabbath, such a power came down on the people, and produced such excitement, that he was obliged to desist, until order was partially restored. Shortly after he resumed speaking he was stopped from the same cause. A third attempt produced the same result. He then sat down amidst a glorious shower of grace, and wept, saying, "If the Lord sends rain, we will stop the plough, and let it rain."

When he returned home from this meeting, early in the week, he received a message, requesting him to visit Major Moor, in Russellville, who was dangerously sick of a fever; and he went immediately. The incidents of that visit were related to me by Mrs. Russell, of Greenville, who was mother-in-law of the sick man, and was present on the occasion. Her word was good authority in all that region of country. After a short conversation with Major Moor, the aged minister kneeled down and prayed most fervently for him several times, as if he did not intend to cease pleading till his petition was granted. At length the physicians ordered the room to be cleared, the effect, if not the design, of which was to exclude the praying minister. They, however, could not stop his praying. As Mrs. Russell stood in the back yard, after nightfall, she heard his voice amidst the shrubbery of the garden, still pleading, in most plaintive strains, for the dying man. Subsequently, as he walked slowly toward the house, bringing his hands softly together, she heard him say, in a subdued tone, to himself, "He will not die to-night, nor to-morrow, nor to-morrow night, for so far the Lord has made known to me; but beyond that I have as yet no answer." So it turned out. He did not die within the time specified, but he died the day following. Before he expired, however, brother Cook went home sick, and died himself in a very few days—I think on the next Sabbath. But he died as he had lived, a man of God, and was lamented by the whole community, which had been so often moved and profited by his powerful ministrations. This was perhaps in 1823, though I am not quite certain.

A year or two after his decease, I attended a camp meeting near the farm on which he died, and where his family still resided. During all the public prayer meetings in the altar, I observed a small boy exceedingly active among the penitents. His fine, shrill voice, was distinctly heard on every such occasion, cheering them on by his exhortations and prayers. Finally I asked a friend with whom I was conversing, whose little son he was. He replied, "That is the youngest son of father Cook, whose remains lie interred just behind that meeting-house," (pointing to a plain building in sight.) He then proceeded to relate the following incident, which I give as nearly in his own way as I can remember it: "Sister Cook's four younger sons were one day working together in the field. This youngest one that you see, had for some time been seeking religion. That

day he absented himself for a time, and while praying in the woods, alone, the Lord converted him. When he returned to the field, and told his brothers what the Lord had done for him, they were deeply affected, especially the next youngest brother, whom he exhorted and prayed for till he was converted. The two young converts, strong in faith, then commenced praying for the next youngest, and prayed alternately till he was converted. Immediately all three commenced exhorting and praying for the oldest brother, and hung on till he was converted. Having made a clean sweep, they all returned together to their widowed mother, rejoicing in their first love, and told her what great things the Lord had done for them." This remarkable instance of saving grace reminded me of God's method of working, "from the least even unto the greatest;" and also of the promise, "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me," Jeremiah xlix, 11.

THE HOMELY CLUB.

PART II.

BY RICHARD RINGWOOD, SECRETARY.

The origin—the object—the members, and one rule of the Club, which the editor feels bound to commend.

My own veritable records show that the Homely Club was formed on Wednesday, May 8, 1832, by two teachers of youth, a clergyman, a lawyer, a merchant, a good-natured farmer, as he is called, and a man without title or employment. Its object is "to promote and strengthen friendship among its members, to cultivate the various powers of mind with which man is endowed, and to be a bond of union between the various classes and professions transacting business in our community." It was designed to be "social in its character, and to be an instrument in forming the manners, in purifying the morals, in imparting information, and in enhancing the innocent pleasures of its members." Such being its object, it was thought advisable to collect as many congenial spirits as possible, and, at the same time, to secure as great a variety of gifts and talents as our community would afford. A few of the young men engaged in study were therefore brought in, and very soon the wives of the original members, and a maiden lady of some eccentricity, but of much talent and amiability, and, finally, a poet and his sister, of strange habits, but of the most kind and conciliating dispositions. To this number additions have, from time to time, been made, and many of the original members have been separated from us by death or removal, till now only three of them are left to mingle in our councils and assist in our exercises.

We meet weekly, and our exercises "consist of the reading of essays, poems, criticisms on books,

discussions of topics, and conversations and remarks on men, principles, and events." One of our standing rules is, "If any member shall present a production of any sort, which shall be deemed, by the majority of those present and voting, valueless in thought, or unpardonably deficient in manner and style, or if any one shall pass the whole evening without uttering or suggesting a new idea, he shall be condemned as a drone, and fined to purchase, for the Homely Club's Library, a good book on some important subject." We hold it to be a sin, not easily atoned for, that any person should live an entire week and not think of something new or useful. And we have somewhere seen it intimated, that many men and women live years together, and never originate a single thought, beyond what the actual wants of nature force upon them. We of the Homely Club have set our rules and all our authority against this unprofitable mode of living, and, as far as our example and influence can extend, we mean to correct the practice of the world in this matter. We believe that, if one of our members has been so slothful as not to have gathered a single drop of honey, to bring to our weekly feast, when it flows in such abundant streams, from every thing around and above him, he ought, at least, to bring the store of sweets, which some better man has collected and laid up in a book, on which we may feed at our convenience. Should any member attempt to avoid the penalty, by staying at home, when he has nothing new or pleasing to communicate, it is our custom to charge a double fine, the one for his indolence, as above, and the other for his attempt to conceal his fault.

At the close of each meeting we examine the case of each member, and vote whether he shall be fined or not. This is often a scene of the highest amusement, and not seldom of excitement and profit. Every one is allowed a half minute by a stop watch to say why sentence shall not be pronounced against him; and at this time some of our members say their best things, in self-defense as they call it. One who had been voted a drone, said that, since he had been so unsuccessful as not to find a single gem during the week, he would, the next, bring in the whole mine in which he was working, and he hoped that the Club would find gold, and diamonds, and all manner of precious stones in it. The next week he brought in the works of Lord Bacon in two huge octavo volumes. Another, who had been fined for an indifferent essay, said that he would bring us all the beauties and flowers of our climate, and presented Addison's works. A third one, being fined for a bad poem, gave us Spencer and Milton; and a fourth, who was fined for indolence, brought to us the works of Barrow and Jeremy Taylor, with the passages on "industry" and "prayer" marked, and added that he expected us all to profit, not less by his example than by his exhortations. In this way

we have accumulated a very good and an exceedingly useful library. And thus it is that we contrive to make the delinquencies and defects of the few contribute to the amusement and improvement of the many.

We have thought that, if this practice were adopted in reference to all public speakers, and lecturers, and newspapers, and periodicals in the land, the world would grow wiser at once. For instance, if one man addresses an audience upon any topic, whether connected with religion, or art, or philosophy, or politics, let the hearers, when he has finished, reflect five minutes, and recall their previous knowledge of the subject, and ask themselves if they have a more definite or exalted idea of it—let them inquire if the speaker has made a strong case on his own side, and defended and established it by pertinent, new, and convincing illustrations and arguments; then, by a rising vote, let them say whether, or not, he should pay a fine, by presenting to the public library of the town or village, the best book on the topic discussed, or some work which the audience should name. In this way the vast majority of speeches and lectures, delivered at conventions and on winter evenings, would be an essential benefit to community. If such a plan were immediately adopted, and conscientiously adhered to, we have not the slightest doubt but the "era of progress" would at once begin.

Many a village, in which the greater part of the inhabitants sleep under the dull sermons of a Rev. Mr. Oldthought, would read with profit, during the week, South, or Howe, or Barrow, or Tillotson, or Taylor, or Chalmers. Audiences, which now receive no idea, and no illustration of an idea, except a vivid conception of eternity, while they listen to the apparently interminable discourse of Mr. Make-speech, or of Esquire Newfangle, would be consoled with the hope of reveling in the works of Canning, or Burke, or Pitt, or Newton, or Bacon, or Locke. And all political conventions and mass meetings would most cheerfully spend a day in the firm assurance, that, in their proper time and order, they should individually read the works of Jay, Hamilton, or Washington, which the speakers would most assuredly forfeit, if justly dealt with. It occurs to me, that this rule would very soon fill our churches with attentive listeners on the Sabbath; and that our lecture-rooms and courts of justice would call together the intelligent and respectable portion of community. And, besides, instead of the unworthy among these lawyers, and preachers, and lecturers growing rich, as many now do, the money would go where it rightfully belongs, and would be expended in providing real and substantial nutriment for the rising generation.

This same rule should apply to newspapers and magazines. At the close of the year, should it be the opinion of the subscribers, that the magazine had been a trashy thing, from which they had derived

no profit, the editor should then be fined to give to every town, in which more than four copies had been paid for, a good edition of Addison's or Johnson's works. There would then be truth, as well as beauty, in the saying, that "the press is the great instrument in modern civilization and refinement." Every political editor, who should be found guilty of the crime of doing no good, or of perverting the truth to party purposes, should be compelled to circulate as many copies of the works of Franklin, or Madison, or Jefferson, as he had issued copies of his paper. Then it might, with truth, be said, that "the press is the palladium of liberty."

The Homely Club really believe, that if this rule of their by-laws could be laid before the public, and universally adopted, the millennium would commence forthwith. The conversations at the family fireside would contain, at least once a week, something besides common-place jests about dress and marriage, or scandal upon talents and character. The public addresses would embody at least one new thought or illustration. The various magazines would sometimes bring out a sparkling article, or a sound argument. And the weekly newspapers would now and then introduce some useful matter, instead of murders, marriages, and deaths. It is our design to form a society, engage popular lecturers, and establish a paper, to advocate the immediate adoption of this our plan by community; for these things are the machinery by which all reforms are effected in these modern days. We expect thus to bring men to speak sense, when they attempt to instruct others, and to print sense, when they undertake to enlighten the public. Let it be premised, however, lest we be misunderstood, that our newspapers, and our lecturers, after the manner of the times, are never to be bound, or in the least degree restrained by the rules they are to fix upon others.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

BY GEORGE JOHNSON.

HOLY ONE, who dwell'st on high,
Above the circle of the sky—
For ever be thy name adored,
By all who love and fear the Lord!
May thy blessed kingdom come;
May thy righteous will be done;
And the mandates thou hast giv'n,
Be kept alike in earth and heav'n!
Wilt thou not, omniscient Lord,
Our daily bread to us accord?
As we forgive our debtors, let
The Lord forgive us every debt!
Lead us not in sin's dark maze—
Deliver us from error's ways;
For thine's the kingdom, Lord, to thee
Belongs all power and majesty!

THE DYING PROCRASTINATOR.

BY VIATOR.

"To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts,"—
HEBREWS IV, 7.

THE memory of the past is burning within us. Reader, wilt thou share with us the refining fire? In the year 184—, though young and inexperienced, we were called to fill, for a season, the pulpit of —, a pleasant village in the mountains of Pennsylvania. Though not born among crags and storms, yet we were cradled among the solemn hills of the upper Ohio; and hence our affinity has ever been for the mountain rather than the prairie. We love passionately the contrast of silvery streams and dark pines, of the grassy vale and the cloud-capped, storm-beaten peak. It will not, therefore, be thought strange, that we were accustomed to retire frequently among the shades of the bold hills which hemmed in our village, that we might receive eloquent teachings from nature and strength from God, whose goodness, trembling in every leaf, and whose greatness, frowning in every battlement, inspired the heart with hope and trust, that he was willing and able to guard and guide the submissive. One day, our period of retirement was curtailed by the call of a friend, who informed us that our presence was required at the couch of a dying youth, aged about eighteen years. Then were there great searchings and quailings of heart. We know not how others feel; but we feel that one of the most *fearful* positions of the minister of Christ is, to be placed by the couch of a tempest-torn soul, sweeping into eternity—by the couch of one who has deferred his preparation to meet his God to a dying hour. Thoughts of the following character flit through our mind with terrible vividness. The eternal destiny of the spirit before me will soon be sealed, and that destiny may, in some measure, depend on the cast of my instructions. If I dwell too much on promises of mercy, while the soul is not pierced with godly sorrow, I may lead to false comfort. If, again, I too prominently portray justice and judgment—trace out the dark deservings of sin, I may discourage—may lead to despair. My true course is, to represent God as, to the impenitent, being wrapped in clouds and thick darkness, yet having his throne arched with a bow that promiseth, to the penitent, eternal mercies. Lord, who is sufficient for this task! Guide by thine unerring Spirit into the path of truth! But we have strayed from our story. We repaired speedily, fearing, trembling, praying, to the scene of horror. We were ushered into a gloomy chamber. Before us was a youth of rather fine form and countenance, writhing in the last stages of Tetanus, one of the varieties of which, Trismus, is commonly known as the Locked Jaw, while over him was bending an agonized father, in the vigor of manhood. The

father had been paying a visit to the village, and when leaving for home, fortunately overheard some conversation about the illness of a young man, whom he found, on making inquiry of his name, to be his own son. With the rapidity of parental affection he hastened to the side of that son, breathing out his life among strangers. The principal features of that scene of sorrow and death, are graven in our memory, as in the rock, for ever. Well do we remember the convulsed body, the distorted countenance of the victim of death, the lone sunbeam that played over his couch, and the stern father bending over him in tearful anguish, like the mountain oak bowing before the whirlwind. How true is it that man may bear intense suffering of body with defiance;

"But tear
One cord affection clings to, * * *
* * * * *
And his great spirit yieldeth like a reed!"

The youth had, about a year previous, been under the solemn movings of the Spirit, but had grieved and spurned away the divine Visitor. Now that he perceived the nearness of eternity, his heart groaned for the light of the Lord. To the best of our ability we counseled him for a short time, when he became irrational. Soon he recovered his reason, and his father asked him if he knew that the minister was present. Immediately he loudly, convulsively exclaimed, "He talked—he talked—mercy—mercy!" In one of his lucid seasons we endeavored to pray with him. During the first part of the exercise he seemed deeply interested, but was soon again bereft of reason. The horrid grimaces occasioned by his disease were rendered most horrible by frequent shrieks, sometimes, such as would indicate that unearthly sights were startling him. Blending his ghastly countenance and his wild cries, one might think it possible that legions of fiends were frightening him with their scowls.

We left, and soon learned that the dreadful drama was closed. It was said that, as his vexed body quivered to rest, a smile, like sunlight bursting from the heart of the storm-cloud, gleamed over his darkened visage. The writer fondly hopes that he rests in heaven, that the dying youth and his youthful minister may greet, hereafter, in the triumph of Jesus. Yet, reader, would you be willing to risk the tremendous interests of eternity on a few *agonized hours*? If not, give thine heart speedily to the Lord. Take heed that this little sketch do not shadow forth thine own troubled end.

DUTY TO GOD.

"As soon as we awake," says Dr. Manton, "our hearts should be in heaven. We owe God in the morning the first-fruits of our reason, before we think of other things; for every day is but the lesser circle of our lives."

LADIES' REPOSITORY.

MARCH, 1848.

THE MANNER OF SOCRATES.

THE last rays of the setting sun were falling on the shores of Greece, flooding that classic land with a splendor unknown to more northern climes, and gilding the distant hill-tops on the north and west, when, from the centre of the great city of Athens, two persons, not unknown to fame, were seen calmly moving toward the suburbs most distant from the sea.

It was in the merry month of May, when the leaves and flowers were out, and both town and country were one wide paradise of all that is green and gay.

We, of these boreal regions, can scarcely imagine the luxuriant beauty of such a scene. Nature had lavished her bounties on it with an unsparing hand; and the genius of the most refined and gifted people in the world had crowned it with their works of art. The streets of the city were more like the halls of a mighty palace, than the thoroughfares of trade. Temples, in every style of taste, from the high-wrought Corinthian to the chaste and simple Ionic, were the ornaments of every part. Groves and gardens, planted with artistic skill, and blooming with the spoils of every favored land, breathed their fragrance out into the balmy atmosphere. Fountains, fed from the neighboring hills, and furnished with cool shade-trees, and surrounded by groups of statuary representing water-nymphs and nereids of the sea, were playing in many a sequestered park, throwing high up a thousand jets of clear spring-water to purify and refresh the air.

The people, too, on the evening of which I am speaking, seemed to have given themselves up to enjoy, as no other people could, the glory so profusely spread over all the scene. The day had been devoted to religious purposes. The temples had all been crowded to excess. Thousands of votive offerings had been made to the deities of the place. The altars had been smoking, since early dawn, with the numerous victims slain and burnt by the white-robed priests. But, now, the sacrifices were completed, the prayers had all been offered, and the last libation poured. The citizens of Athens, with their many visitors from abroad, released from the restraints of worship, were now moving and mixing in immense masses, and saluting and rejoicing with the ardor of southern temper, as was customary at the breaking up of these religious assemblies. A smile was glistening in every countenance; a word was waiting on every lip; and Athens, the pride of the earth, conscious of its glory, and rejoicing in its strength, was entirely given up to festivity and mirth.

Though, from the very aspect of the two personages, to whom attention has been directed, it was evident they were not of the common order of men, their profound gravity and silence, as they were passing through the loquacious crowds, commanded additional respect. They were both the objects of admiration to every inhabitant of Greece. Wherever they bent their steps, they were immediately recognized, and covered with the extempore eulogies of the citizens, who looked after them with a most wonderful regard. Sometimes a shout would begin to rise, when, with a surprising facility of command, one of the two august characters, by pressing his forefinger gently upon his lips, would instantly repress it without the utterance of a word.

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For some distance, in fact, after the concourse had been left behind, though the restraint of its presence was taken off, not a syllable was spoken by either of them, though both seemed busy with something too deep or difficult to be readily fashioned into speech.

"The gayety of these Athenians," at length remarked one of the two citizens, "never tires, and seems to kindle at the same fire, which consumes their sacrifices."

"But when I see them in these raptures," responded his companion, "I am inclined to drop a tear over them."

"And would you laugh, also, to see them weeping?"

"I would."

"And would you have them weep?"

"They should mourn for many days, could I be gratified in my wish."

"And shall I, who have the power to drown the city or the world in tears, do you the cruel favor to compel their obedience to such wishes?"

"You have not the power to gratify me."

"I have not?"

"No more than a poor house-maid."

"Is your cruelty, then, deeper, and wider, and bloodier, than the power of him, at whose nod Greece trembles from this her centre to her northern hills, and embracing seas?"

"Your sceptre can neither measure, nor fathom it."

"Can I not make all Athens weep, like a bereaved mother for her captive child?"

"But these are not the tears I mean."

"Is there a difference in tears?"

"Not less than in the passions that bid them flow."

"What tears, then, do you intend?"

"Such as that captive child itself would shed, so soon as it should become conscious of its state."

"Is Athens, friend, a slave?"

"She is."

"To me? Nay, venture not upon my love. I am not now well fortified against the passions of a man."

"Because you are yourself a slave."

"I a slave? And is there an Athenian that dares to tell me so? Is my hearing sane, or do I dream?"

"You dream, if you think you are not a slave."

"Beware! This staff may have its tales to tell in other years."

"The hand that lifts it—the flashing eye that would direct its mischief—tell me, thou art a slave."

"O, ye gods! shall the man be faultless, beneath whose stroke the sage of Athens perishes?"

"No one's in danger, if he wait till your gods make answer."

"To whom is Athens, and Athens' lord, a slave?"

"To passion and superstition."

"O, subtil reasoner! How strangely dost thou snare the feet of the most wary! I am ashamed, and yet it is a glory, to acknowledge thee my conqueror."

"And yet, with all my risks, my captive is nothing but a slave."

"O, taunt not my weakness!"

"Are you not powerful?"

"I am all weakness."

"Do not Athens and the world wait upon your wishes?"

"I was a fool when I thus boasted. Pardon me—pardon me."

"But you are not a slave?"

"I weep, noble friend, to own it. Let my tears prove my penitence."

"And shall Athens shed them?"

"If thou, the best and wisest of men, shalt continue to instruct her, she shall yet be recovered from her idolatries, and begin a glorious career of rational and moral freedom."

The reader need not be told, that this dialogue was conducted between Pericles, the prince of Athens, and Socrates, whose skill in argument was equaled only by the purity of his life and the dignity of his principles.

INTELLIGENCE AND FREEDOM.

ONE of the most beautiful and salutary results of the influence of republicanism upon the intelligence of a people, is the circulation it promotes in their ideas; upon which depends the health, the vigor, and the freshness of thought. There is so striking a conformity between this fact and the analogy of nature, that I cannot forbear to mention it. If we look abroad upon the world, we shall perceive that circulation is a law of the universe. Every thing is in motion. Nothing is allowed to stagnate. The planetary system is for ever revolving. The water which is drawn up by evaporation is gushing through the pores of every hill and mountain, and returning to the ocean. The sap that nourishes the vegetable kingdom is incessantly rising and falling. The whole material world exhibits the same delightful peculiarity. And why not the mental and political? It would be an insuperable objection to a republic, as it is to monarchies and despotisms, if it did not promote the same healthful activity. But the experience of this country furnishes the most happy illustration of the perfect operation of this law. We have no barriers to impede the circulation of intelligence. There are no lines of demarkation, no invidious distinctions, between the different classes of the population. We have no order of nobility to monopolize the benefits of education. Or rather, we are all of this order. In monarchies and despotisms, which are based upon hereditary distinctions of fortune and birth, the most rigid classification of the subjects is sanctioned by custom and defended by legislation. Each of these classes intrenches itself against all other classes. They are internally divided and subdivided into families, the families into houses, the houses into branches. The communication between them, is, in some instances, entirely cut off, and in all it is materially obstructed. The intelligence which exists in the higher grades, and which ought to flow down to the lower orders, is confined by these artificial embankments. The mass of the people are too poor, too much oppressed, too much occupied in procuring a livelihood, to acquire information by direct application. Knowledge becomes comparatively local, stagnant, barren. The stillness of intellectual death reigns over the uneducated commonalty. The most perfect contrast to the democratic mixture and intermixture existing in this country is presented. Here there are no factitious lines of separation. The people make one great and glorious family. A kindred feeling pervades all minds, all hearts, all conditions. On whatever portion of such a society an intellectual force is applied, the whole mass is agitated with responsive vibrations. Is not this the period, the nation, to which the eye of Inspiration was directed, when the prophetic announcement was uttered—"Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased?"

"Magnus ab integro seculorum nascitur ordo!"

It is here only, on the soil of this our country, among the citizens of this free republic, that useful intelligence can spread among the people, have *free course*, and be glorified.

MODERN MAGIC.

MUCH has been written, both by philosophers and divines, on the subject of magic, in consequence, partly, of its connection with some of the most interesting facts recorded in nature and revelation. Moses, while in Egypt, was encountered by magicians, who could almost equal his own wonders; and similar things are mentioned, in later times, both of the Egyptians and of many other people. The Chaldeans, we are told, not only by profane history, but in the Bible, could perform feats bordering on the miraculous; and they were supposed, even by their enemies, to have the power of vaticination. In the book of Daniel, as well as elsewhere, we have some strange things related of the oriental magi; and these characters, it is well known, were common in the early ages of the Christian era. I have seen nothing, however, of a recent date, so illustrative of the singular accounts of them given us in the book of Genesis, as the incidents and stories told of the Arabs of Egypt by modern travelers in that country. Among the number, Mr. Lane, author of the work on the manners and customs of the modern Egyptians, details the following highly interesting but almost incredible story:

"In preparing for the experiment of the magic mirror of ink, which, with some other performances of a similar nature, are here termed *durb el-men'del*, the magician first asked me for a reed-pen and ink, a piece of paper, and a pair of scissors; and, having cut off a narrow strip of paper, wrote upon it certain forms of invocation, together with another charm, by which he professes to accomplish the object of the experiment. He did not attempt to conceal these; and on my asking him to give me copies of them, he readily consented, and immediately wrote them for me; explaining to me, at the same time, that the object he had in view was accomplished through the influence of the two first words, 'Tur'shoon' and 'Turyoo'shoon,' which, he said, were the names of two genii, his 'familiar spirits.' I compared the copies with the originals; and found that they exactly agreed.

MAGIC INVOCATION AND CHARM.

'Tur'shoon! Turyoo'shoon! Come down!
Come down! Be present! Whither are gone
The prince and his troops? Where are El-Ahh'mar
The prince and his troops? Be present,
Ye servants of these names!

'And this is the removal.

"And we have removed from thee thy vail;"
And thy sight to-day is piercing." Correct, correct.'

Having written these, the magician cut off the paper containing the forms of invocation from that upon which the other charm was written; and cut the former into six strips. He then explained to me that the object of the latter charm was to open the boy's eyes in a supernatural manner; to make his sight pierce into what is to us the invisible world.

"I had prepared, by the magician's direction, some frankincense and coriander-seed, and a chafing-dish with some live charcoal in it. These were now brought into the room, together with the boy who was to be employed: he had been called in, by my desire, from among some boys in the street, returning from a manufactory; and was about eight or nine years of age. In

reply to my inquiry respecting the description of persons who could see in the magic mirror of ink, the magician said that they were a boy not arrived at puberty, a virgin, and a black female slave. The chafing-dish was placed before him and the boy; and the latter was placed on a seat. The magician now desired my servant to put some frankincense and coriander-seed into the chafing-dish; then, taking hold of the boy's right hand, he drew, in the palm of it, a magic square. The figures which it contained were Arabic numerals. In the centre, he poured a little ink, and desired the boy to look into it, and to tell him if he could see his face reflected in it; the boy replied that he saw his face clearly. The magician, holding the boy's hand all the while, told him to continue looking intently into the ink, and not to raise his head.

"He then took one of the little strips of paper inscribed with the forms of invocation, and dropped it into the chafing-dish, upon the burning coals and perfumes, which had already filled the room with their smoke; and as he did this, he commenced an indistinct muttering of words, which he continued during the whole process, excepting when he had to ask the boy a question, or to tell him what he had to say. The piece of paper containing the words from the Koor-a'n, he placed inside the fore part of the boy's ta'ckee'yeh, or skull-cap. He then asked him if he saw any thing in the ink; and was answered, 'No;' but about a minute after, the boy, trembling, and seeming much frightened, said, 'I see a man sweeping the ground.' 'When he has done sweeping,' said the magician, 'tell me.' Presently, the boy said, 'He has done.' The magician then again interrupted his muttering to ask the boy if he knew what a *bey'ruck* (or flag) was; and, being answered, 'Yes,' desired him to say, 'Bring a flag.' The boy did so; and soon said, 'He has brought a flag.' 'What color is it?' asked the magician: the boy replied, 'Red.' He was told to call for another flag; which he did; and soon after he said that he saw another brought; and that it was black. In like manner, he was told to call for a third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh; which he described as being successively brought before him; specifying their colors, as white, green, black, red, and blue. The magician then asked him, (as he did, also, each time that a new flag was described as being brought,) 'How many flags have you now before you?' 'Seven,' answered the boy. While this was going on, the magician put the second and third of the small strips of paper upon which the forms of invocation were written, into the chafing-dish; and, fresh frankincense and coriander-seed having been repeatedly added, the fumes became painful to the eyes. When the boy had described the seven flags as appearing to him, he was desired to say, 'Bring the Soolta'n's tent; and pitch it.' This he did; and in about a minute after, he said, 'Some men have brought the tent; a large, green tent: they are pitching it;' and presently he added, 'They have set it up.' 'Now,' said the magician, 'order the soldiers to come, and to pitch their camp around the tent of the Soolta'n.' The boy did as he was desired; and immediately said, 'I see a great many soldiers, with their tents: they have pitched the tents.' He was then told to order that the soldiers should be drawn up in ranks; and, having done so, he presently said, that he saw them thus arranged. The magician had put the fourth of the little strips of paper into the chafing-dish; and soon after, he did the same

with the fifth. He now said, 'Tell some of the people to bring a bull.' The boy gave the order required, and said, 'I see a bull: it is red: four men are dragging it along; and three are beating it.' He was told to desire them to kill it, and cut it up, and to put the meat in saucepans, and cook it. He did as he was directed; and described these operations as apparently performed before his eyes. 'Tell the soldiers,' said the magician, 'to eat it.' The boy did so; and said, 'They are eating it. They have done; and are washing their hands.' The magician then told him to call for the Soolta'n; and the boy, having done this, said, 'I see the Soolta'n riding to his tent, on a bay horse; and he has, on his head, a high red cap: he has alighted at his tent, and sat down within it.' 'Desire them to bring coffee to the Soolta'n,' said the magician, 'and to form the court.' These orders were given by the boy; and he said that he saw them performed. The magician had put the last of the six little strips of paper into the chafing-dish. In his mutterings I distinguished nothing but the words of the written invocation, frequently repeated, excepting on two or three occasions, when I heard him say, 'If they demand information, inform them; and be ye veracious.'

"He now addressed himself to me; and asked me if I wished the boy to see any person who was absent or dead. I named Lord Nelson; of whom the boy had evidently never heard; for it was with much difficulty that he pronounced the name, after several trials. The magician desired the boy to say to the Soolta'n, 'My master salutes thee, and desires thee to bring Lord Nelson: bring him before my eyes, that I may see him, speedily.' The boy then said so; and almost immediately added, 'A messenger is gone, and has returned, and brought a man, dressed in a dark blue suit of European clothes: the man has lost his left arm.' He then paused for a moment or two; and, looking more intently, and more closely, into the ink, said, 'No, he has not lost his left arm; but it is placed to his breast.' This correction made his description more striking than it had been without it: since Lord Nelson generally had his empty sleeve attached to the breast of his coat: but it was the *right* arm that he had lost. Without saying that I suspected the boy had made a mistake, I asked the magician whether the objects appeared in the ink as if actually before the eyes, or as if in a glass, which makes the right appear left. He answered, that they appeared as in a mirror. This rendered the boy's description faultless.

"The next person I called for was a native of Egypt, who has been for many years resident in England, where he has adopted our dress; and who had been long confined to his bed by illness before I embarked for this country: I thought that his name, one not very uncommon in Egypt, might make the boy describe him incorrectly; though another boy, on the former visit of the magician, had described this same person as wearing a European dress, like that in which I last saw him. In the present case, the boy said, 'Here is a man brought on a kind of bier, and wrapped up in a sheet.' This description would suit, supposing the person in question to be still confined to his bed, or if he be dead. The boy described his face as covered; and was told to order that it should be uncovered. This he did; and then said, 'His face is pale; and he has mustaches, but no beard;' which is correct.

"Several other persons were successively called for;

but the boy's descriptions of them were imperfect; though not altogether incorrect. He represented each object as appearing less distinct than the preceding one; as if his sight were gradually becoming dim: he was a minute, or more, before he could give any account of the persons he professed to see toward the close of the performance; and the magician said it was useless to proceed with him. Another boy was then brought in; and the magic square, &c., made in his hand; but he could see nothing. The magician said that he was too old."

Such stories, certainly, need a great deal of corroborative testimony; and the reader must particularly remember, that all travelers, from Herodotus to the latest, being desirous of making interesting books out of their observations, labor under a constant temptation to be a little credulous. Such works, however, as have been written by persons of our own acquaintance, in whom we are bound to have implicit confidence, can be relied on with safety; and I am compelled to add, that Mr. Lane himself obtained the confidence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, who have given his volumes to the public.

WOMAN IN MODERN GREECE.

FROM a very able and instructive essay, on the Ancient and Modern Greek Languages, by Christophoros Plato Castanis, a native of old Scio, Greece, I extract the following paragraphs, which I commend especially to my female readers:

"The Cleptic women, in general, have a fair complexion, slender waists, black and sometimes light hair, and dark or blue eyes. The female relatives of Marco Bozzaris are celebrated for their beauty. The dress of the Doric maidens is destitute of whalebone and other artificial but destructive charms, and is usually more costly than the costume of the men. To display wealth, gold coins are strung for beads; the number of these specie-necklaces is an index of the lady's fortune. The prospects of the lover are exposed to view, without any deceit like that practiced in other lands, where the maidens frequently make false pretensions to opulence, in order to ensnare an unsuspecting youth, in matrimony."

The following may be taken as a specimen of Greek wit, which, it seems, in spite of ages of Turkish oppression, is as sparkling as ever:

"A captive Suliote girl was asked by the Pasha of Albania, how long her people would continue to leap from rock to rock like lynxes. She replied, 'As long as you spring upon the plain like wolves!' A Suliote lady, taken prisoner, offered the Pasha a great reward to be released. He assented, and inquired what the ransom would be. She answered, 'The freedom of your conscience from the remorse of possessing what belongs to another.' She was accordingly dismissed without molestation; such is the Albanian respect for wit. Mrs. Hemans has eulogized the Suliote dames, who danced upon the brink of the precipice and escaped by death from Turkish outrage. A captive Suliote maiden was asked if she envied the palaces of her enemies. 'Better,' said she, 'the precipice with freedom, than the palace with despotism!'"

MILITARY GENIUS.

OF the several orders of genius, that which is called military genius I regard as lowest in the scale of human

ability. It is the genius of brute force, rather than of mental culture, and is always most admired in the least civilized countries and ages. With people of high intellectual refinement, the fighter, whether on a large or a small arena, is, at best, a man of doubtful reputation; for those men, who, like Tell and Washington, take up arms when their country is in danger, and lay them down again, so soon as their regretted work is done, are not fighters, strictly speaking, but defenders; nor are they, in general, among the admirers of the profession of arms.

It requires less talent to be a boxer, or a swordsman, or an expert handler of the rifle, or the leader and setter-on of those, who use these weapons, than to be an able statesman, or an acceptable preacher, or a skillful lawyer, or a good physician. Nay, I ought to go farther. I believe the talents, necessary to qualify a man to be an expert country schoolmaster, quite above those requisite for a warrior.

Nor is this opinion of the fighting profession unsustained by facts. I have myself known a number of men, who, in time of peace, and while at home, were in the very lowest ranks of life, having scarcely ability enough to gain a common standing; but, the moment a bloody and wicked war was waged, and the voice of it reached their ears, they started into consequence, flew to the field of strife, committed some desperate feats, such as any burglar or night thief could venture on, and, presto! they return covered with laurels and claim the admiration of their countrymen.

Such, in fact, is the history of the military men of ancient and modern times. They are the characters, too, most honored by the rabble-rout of men, with whom physical qualities are every thing, and moral and intellectual refinement nothing. Alexander, for example, was almost deified by the barbarous nations of his age; and Bonaparte, in some respects wondered at by all Europe, was most famous among the ignorant and imbruted savages of other climes. As a general illustration of these assertions, and of some of them in particular, I offer the following incident, related on the authority of the person referred to in the quotation:

"Twenty years subsequent to this period," says the narrator, alluding to a prior incident, "Doctor Antommarchi, on a voyage to visit Napoleon, then a captive and dying at St. Helena, came in sight of Cape Palmas, on the western coast of Africa. The vessel kept near the shore, and presently a number of canoes were seen making toward her. They were light, swift, narrow, and low, managed by men squatting down, who struck the sea with their hands and glided over its surface. A wave or flaw of wind upset them, but, nimble as the fishes, they instantly turned their canoes upward and pursued their course. The vessel took in sail, and they were soon alongside. They brought provisions, which the crew received with thanks.

"Where are you going?" asked one of the Africans.

"To St. Helena," was the answer.

"This name struck him, and he remained some time motionless. At length he said in a dejected tone,

"To St. Helena? Is it true that he is there?"

"Who?" demanded the captain.

"The African cast a look of disdain at him," says Antommarchi, "came to us, and repeated the question. We replied that he *was* there. He looked at us, shook his head, and at length replied, "Impossible!" We gazed at one another, wondering who this savage could

be, who spoke English and French, and had so high an idea of Napoleon.

" " " You knew him, then?" we returned.

" " " Long ago."

" " " You have seen him?"

" " " In all his glory."

" " " And often?"

" " " In Cairo, the well-defended city—in the desert—in the field of battle."

" " " You do not believe in his misfortunes?"

" " " His arm is strong; his tongue sweet as honey; nothing can resist him; for a long time he has opposed all Europe. Not all Europe, nor the world, can overcome such a man. The Mamelukes and the Pachas were eclipsed before him—he is the god of battles. Napoleon cannot be at St. Helena!"

" " " His misfortunes are but too certain. Exhaustion—disaffection—plots—"

" " " All vanished at his sight; a single word repaid us for all our fatigues; our wishes were satisfied; we feared nothing from the moment that we saw him."

" " " Have you fought under him?"

" " " I had been wounded at Coptos, and was sent back into Lower Egypt. I was at Cairo when Mustapha appeared on the coast. The army marched. I followed its movements, and was present at Aboukir. What precision! What an eye! What brilliant charges! It is impossible that Napoleon has been conquered—that he is at St. Helena!" " "

But I will refer the reader, for a formal criticism on military genius, to Dymond's Essays, and to Dr. Channing's celebrated review of the character of Napoleon.

TURKISH LITERATURE.

It is generally supposed, in this country at least, that the Turks are among the most barbarous of mankind; that their position in science and literature is but little above that of savages; and that they have no works of elegant thought and of refined expression in their language. All this, however, is very far from being true. It would be, in fact, wonderful if it were true at all. They are descended from the warm-hearted, sprightly, fanciful children of the East. Their native tongue, possessing the strength of a northern dialect and the softness of southern speech, besides the vast compass it has borrowed from the Arabic, is highly adapted to eloquence and poetry of the highest styles. A friend of mine, at present a missionary at Constantinople, speaks of the Turkish language and literature in very lofty strains; and I may, at some future time, give specimens from his letters, to justify his opinion; but, now, I offer the following verses of an anonymous Turkish poet, picked up and translated by Byron on his way to Greece. It is not to be taken as a proud example of their wit, but as a demonstration, that, whatever roughness of character we attribute to them as a people, there are among them many, whose minds are delicate, sensitive, and refined:

THE GIFT.

" The chain I gave was fair to view,
The lute I added sweet in sound;
The heart that offered both was true,
And ill deserved the fate it found.

These gifts were charmed with secret spell
Thy truth in absence to divine;
And they have done their duty well;
Alas! they could not teach thee thine.

That chain was firm in every link,
But would not bear a stranger's touch;
That lute was sweet, till thou couldst think
In other hands its notes were such.

Let him who from thy neck unbound
That chain, which shivered in his grasp;
Who saw that lute refuse to sound,
Restraining the chords, renew the clasp.

When thou wert changed, they altered too;
The chain is broke, the music mute;
'Tis past—to them and thee adieu!
False heart, frail chain, and silent lute!"

But the reader may think, that there are few minds of this stamp in Turkey. Of this, having never been there, and not professing much skill in Turkish lore, it does not become me to speak. It is certain, however, that the Turks are a very poetical people. A book was published at Constantinople, more than two centuries ago, containing extracts from five hundred and forty-nine native poets, some of whose productions, it is said by competent judges, are of the highest order of literary merit. Borrowing from the Persian and Arabic writers, of many ages past, as the Romans borrowed from the Greek, they have uncommon facilities, certainly, whatever be their success, for great attainments in the poetic art.

THE TENTH MUSE.

THIS was the title, given by the ancients, to Sappho, a Greek lyrical poetess of great fame. She was born at Mitylene, in the Isle of Lesbos, about the fifth century before Christ. Her genius in poetry would seem to entitle her to great celebrity, though but two of her lyrics are now extant. The following fragment, translated from the Greek, is worthy of her name:

" THE ROSE.

" Would Jove appoint some flower to reign
In matchless beauty on the plain,
The rose—mankind will all agree—
The rose, the queen of flowers should be:
The pride of plants, the grace of bowers,
The blush of meads, the eye of flowers,
Its beauties charm the gods above;
Its fragrance is the breath of love;
Its foliage wantons in the air,
Luxuriant, like the flowing hair;
It shines in blooming splendor gay,
While zephyrs on its bosom play."

THE CHOLERA.

IT is not my purpose, in writing this paragraph, to alarm my readers, by calling their attention to the slowly-advancing Asiatic plague. It is enough to know, that, in all probability, it will reach this country sometime during the next summer months; and it becomes all persons, both by a physical and moral preparation, to be ready to meet it when it comes. I would call particular attention to the recent editorials of Dr. Bond, on this subject, whose long experience as a physician and ability as a writer render him a most suitable adviser of the public, respecting this melancholy theme. He regards it the duty of all persons, living in crowded cities, to pass their time in the country, during the prevalence of this epidemic, if they can; and that as a mercy to those who shall be compelled to stand their ground. He intimates, however, that children are safe, which, unhappily, many mournful facts, known to me, do not sustain.

NOTICES.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL PULPIT: *a collection of Original Sermons from living Ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Collected and Revised by Rev. Davis W. Clark, A. M. George Peck, Editor. Lane & Tippet: New York. 1848.*—This work has been on our table for several weeks, and should have been noticed in our last number, but we were unable, in due time, to read it. We cannot now say, that we have read the whole of it; and we, consequently, feel bound to notify our readers of the fact, before offering them any critical observations. What we have read, however, has given us a high opinion of the work; and we have no doubt the balance of the book would justify our partiality for it. Abating our own contribution—written out in two successive evenings after two days of hard labor—we look upon this production of our parent press with no little satisfaction. It might seem invidious to mention particular sermons, when we have not the space to devote to a general examination; yet the younger men, whose efforts are here offered to the public, will not feel offended, we are certain, if we say, that we regard the sermons of the three bishops, and of Drs. Bond, Bangs, and G. Peck, as among the ablest specimens of sermonizing ever published by the Church. These, in fact, with the discourse by the compiler—most excellent in every sense—together with those by Rev. P. P. Sandford, Dr. J. T. Peck, Dr. Levings, Dr. Floy, Dr. Bowen, Dr. Simpson, Revs. W. Hunter, A. Stevens, N. Rounds, and J. H. Power, are all that we have yet found time to read. We were just opening upon the two sermons by our old friend, Dr. Whedon, when the printer gave us a deafening call for copy; and we must, therefore, unless we defer our notice to another month—which would be unjust—offer to our readers this brief and imperfect criticism of a volume in every way worthy of those who have brought it out. To brother Clark, in particular, we feel bound, in the name of all interested, to present our thanks. From the compendious title to the work, it is not, perhaps, improper to infer, that he intends to give several other volumes of the same sort; for the few sermons here given, though from many of our oldest and ablest men, can scarcely represent, as the title-page would seem to indicate, the “pulpit” of the Methodist Episcopal Church. There are scores of others, who, should it be desired, could furnish half a dozen volumes just as good as this; and the judicious and enterprising Agents at New York, we have no doubt, are ready to print and publish as many as the reading public may demand. The work can be had of Swormstedt & Mitchell, Cincinnati, or of Lane & Tippet, New York.

THE HERALD OF TRUTH, is a monthly periodical devoted to literature and philosophy, edited by L. A. Hine, Esq., and published in Cincinnati by an association, who, we believe, entertain some peculiar views in relation to society, morality, and religion. Though personally acquainted with some of the leading men of this association, whose talents are certainly of a high order, and spending, as we do, nearly all of our leisure hours in philosophical and literary reading, we confess ourselves not sufficiently enlightened respecting the real character and ultimate objects of this company, and of the work they publish, to venture an opinion concerning them. Above all things in the world, we intend to be careful in expressing approbation or disapprobation of any *new* movement, which we do not fully understand.

We can cheerfully say, however, that the Herald of Truth is ably conducted; that it is generally filled with well-written articles; that it maintains a high tone of thought and feeling; and that it is well worth the perusal of an inquiring public. Having resolved, long ago, to pass no rash judgments respecting any thing, and especially of fresh efforts for improvement, we shall say nothing more at present; but intend, by close observation and careful reading, to master this new *idea*; and then we shall be ready to offer our opinion.

EDINBURG PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, and *Magazine of Moral and Intellectual Science*, Vol. I, No. I, reprinted from the Edinburg edition, by Fowlers & Wells, New York, has been laid on our table, with a request that we should notice it. We do so only to say, that we have no great confidence in Phrenology as a science; but the magazine makes a fine appearance, and is for sale by C. Cropper & Son, Cincinnati. We firmly believe that the mental is based on the physical life, as the spiritual is supported, in part, by the mental; but for the little, narrow, poverty-stricken system of Phrenology we have the most superlative contempt. The soul, in other words, may lead a life peculiar to itself, which is strictly *spiritual*; or it may lead a life acted upon by the bodily organization, which is *mental*; or it may, in a manner unknown to science, as the great German philosopher, Stahl, has demonstrated, only impart animation to the body, giving it *animal* life. So that, in a certain sense, mental life is based on the body, but is not confined, either wholly or principally, to the head. Of all novelties of modern times, we regard Phrenology, as now taught, as the most nonsensical, presumptuous, and wild.

THE LITERARY REGISTER, and *Record of New Books*, Edited by Rev. W. H. Gilder, comes to us in every way improved. It is now more than ever worthy of public patronage. It gives the reader an idea, not only of what *is doing*, but what is about *to be done*, in the way of books. Every reading man needs it.

ELEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE TRUSTEES AND SUPERINTENDENT OF THE OHIO INSTITUTION FOR THE EDUCATION OF THE BLIND, FOR THE YEAR 1847.—This institution, we know from personal observation, as well as by this Report, is in a most successful condition, every day giving farther proof of the triumph of humanity and science over one of the worst calamities of the race. Having a personal acquaintance, also, with Dr. Penniman, the Superintendent, and with Dr. Howard, the accomplished physician and oculist of the institution, we can assure our readers, that every thing is safe in their hands.

TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL REPORT OF THE TRUSTEES AND SUPERINTENDENT OF THE DEAF AND DUMB ASYLUM OF THE STATE OF OHIO, FOR THE YEAR 1847.—This is another of the institutions of Ohio, by which she has given herself a front position among the sisters of this great republic. Having visited the Asylum, during the last summer, we can testify to the order, neatness, and evident comfortableness of every department, and to the assiduity and skill apparent in its management. It is an honor to Ohio and the west.

WE are compelled to ask the forbearance of publishers and authors, for another month. Our shelves are now so crowded with works of every description, that it will require some little time to get through with the reading of them.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

IN this number of the Repository, we present the first of a series of communications on the "Manners of the Germans." We need not praise the style, nor the taste, nor the apparent learning of the writer, as the reader is competent to form his own judgment. We think, however, as far as we can now get a glimpse of things coming, that our patrons may expect many a rich treat from our European correspondence. There is, certainly, a good spirit pervading this introductory letter:

"Stuttgart, Sept. 5, 1847.

"SIR,—Your warm invitation, so politely extended to me, to become a regular contributor to the Ladies' Repository, has filled me with confusion. I am so unacquainted with the manners and customs of your countrywomen, and am so ignorant of other things necessary to a correspondent of a work of so high literary merit, that I should have shrunk entirely from the task, had I not, on second thought, brought myself to consider the opportunity offered me of adding another link, however feeble and unimportant, to the many by which our native countries are bound together.

"The name of America is becoming very dear in Germany. There is not a town, or city, scarcely a hamlet, where there are not families, some of whose members have made their homes in the land of freedom. Every year sends you, from our shores, bands of adventurers, who have learned to glory in your free institutions. Their letters homeward, of which I have myself seen many, bring us good tidings of the manner in which our kindred are received and treated; and they praise your climate, soil, and productions almost beyond the reach of our fancies.

"But this is not the only interest we feel in Germany for the land you inhabit. You, my dear sir, are a kindred people. You call yourselves Anglo-Saxons; while both the Angles and the Saxons, before their emigration to Great Britain, lived but a little north of where I am now writing. We, in this country, look upon the people of America as our children; and I need not tell you, sir, that every parent is apt enough to feel proud of noble offspring.

"We are told, however, by those who have gone to your country, that you have made great advancement, beyond even the best specimens of German life sent over to you. One of my own American correspondents, a professor in one of your colleges, filled several letters with the shame he daily feels, in looking round upon the low and unworthy representatives of Germany, which, he tells me, crowd all your streets and thoroughfares; but I have consoled him, I trust, with the admonition, that if America is as enlightened as he describes her, she will know well enough how to make allowances for these poor people, and will know better than to judge a great nation by the loose population floating from her borders. Germany, in her turn, does not judge of other nations by the few vagrants and wanderers found in her great cities.

"You wish me to give you a series of letters on the manners, customs, religion, philosophy, and literature of Germany, to be specially interspersed with notes and illustrations of the domestic life of our people.

"This, my friend, is almost too great a work for a female, and particularly for a foreigner; but, with your indulgence, and with the good blessing of Providence, I will endeavor to comply with a part, at least, of your invitation. I send you this hasty epistle merely to assure

you of my willingness, so far as I can, to carry out your intentions.

"The numbers of the Ladies' Repository, directed by yourself and forwarded by Mr. Nast—whose memory is yet cherished in this country—have given me a very great satisfaction. We are surprised to witness such artistic excellence in a magazine, published in 'the great Western Forest,' as it is sometimes called in Germany; and we are, also, more than surprised—we are astonished—to see it so replete with articles of the highest literary merit. You seem yourself to be as familiar with our German ideas, as though you had been born among us, though you tell me you are not a good German scholar. It must be, then, you were born a German, unless I am to account for the phenomenon by the French notion of 'intellectual projectiles.' At any rate, I must admire your work, which I keep as a peculiar treasure.

"The historical works, which you inquire about, are rather scarce at present; but my brother says he can order them from Berlin. He wishes you not to send the money for them, as he desires to have the pleasure of presenting them. * * *

"You did not inform me in what language I should write my communications. This, as you see, is in French; but I am able, in a manner, to compose also in Latin. I did not employ German, supposing our singular system of chirography might be troublesome to a foreigner; and in the English tongue, I am, I presume, still more unfamiliar, than you profess to be in German. I only read it.

"If I do not, in due time, get released from your invitation, as I think I shall when you have read this unworthy apology for an epistle, I will endeavor to forward you another, of a better character, by the December steamer.

"But I had almost forgotten to thank you, as I now do, for your instructive, amusing, and interesting letter; and I can say of it, as our poet Schiller wrote to his friend Goethe, 'I am still surrounded by the beautiful spirits, which you left me here, and I hope ever to become more and more familiar with them.'

"Farewell, MARIA LOUISA RUTTENBACH."

A contributor wishes to know whether all his pieces will be published. The following is our answer:

Suppose a cabinet-maker is about to construct an elegant and complicated piece of furniture. Suppose, too, that his materials are not sought out and purchased by himself, but sent to him from various individuals, some of whom have a very correct idea of the work to be constructed, others are less informed on the subject, and a third class have no conception of it whatever.

The first thing for the mechanic to do, is, to sort his lumber. Some sticks he will throw away at once, not because, perhaps, they are not good sticks, but because they could find no place in the piece of furniture he is making. If he were making a water-wheel, they would do; but they cannot come into a sideboard, or a bureau. Nor can he tell exactly whether every plank, or board, or scantling, will be wanted. But he goes on, cutting, sawing, splitting, smoothing, framing, glueing, and polishing, till the fabric is completed. He, of course, uses his best materials first, and would continue to do so, had he a thousand such works to execute.

Now, it is very much in this way, that a literary magazine, of rather high and singular pretensions, must be constructed.



EVENING THOUGHTS.

—
BY MRS. H. O. GARDINER.
—

The azure sky—its deep blue arch
Of beauty bendeth o'er me;
And silver rills, and plains, and hills,
And woods, are spread before me.

The soft pure light of sunset rests
On mountain, rill, and vale,
And clear a distant bugle's notes
Swell on the evening gale.

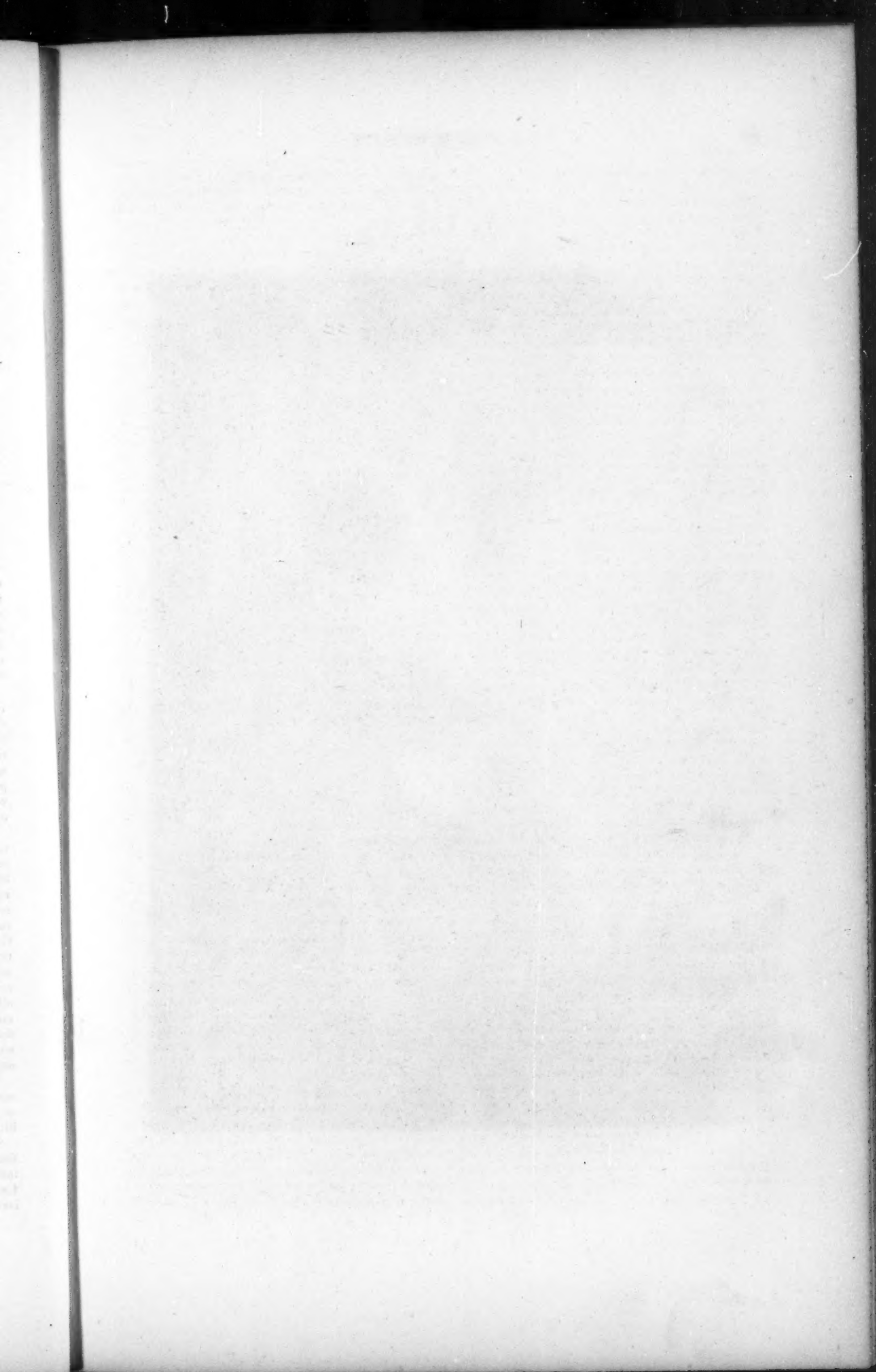
I love the sunset; but how fast
Its bright hues fade away!
Too glorious, too fair to last,
Too beautiful to stay.

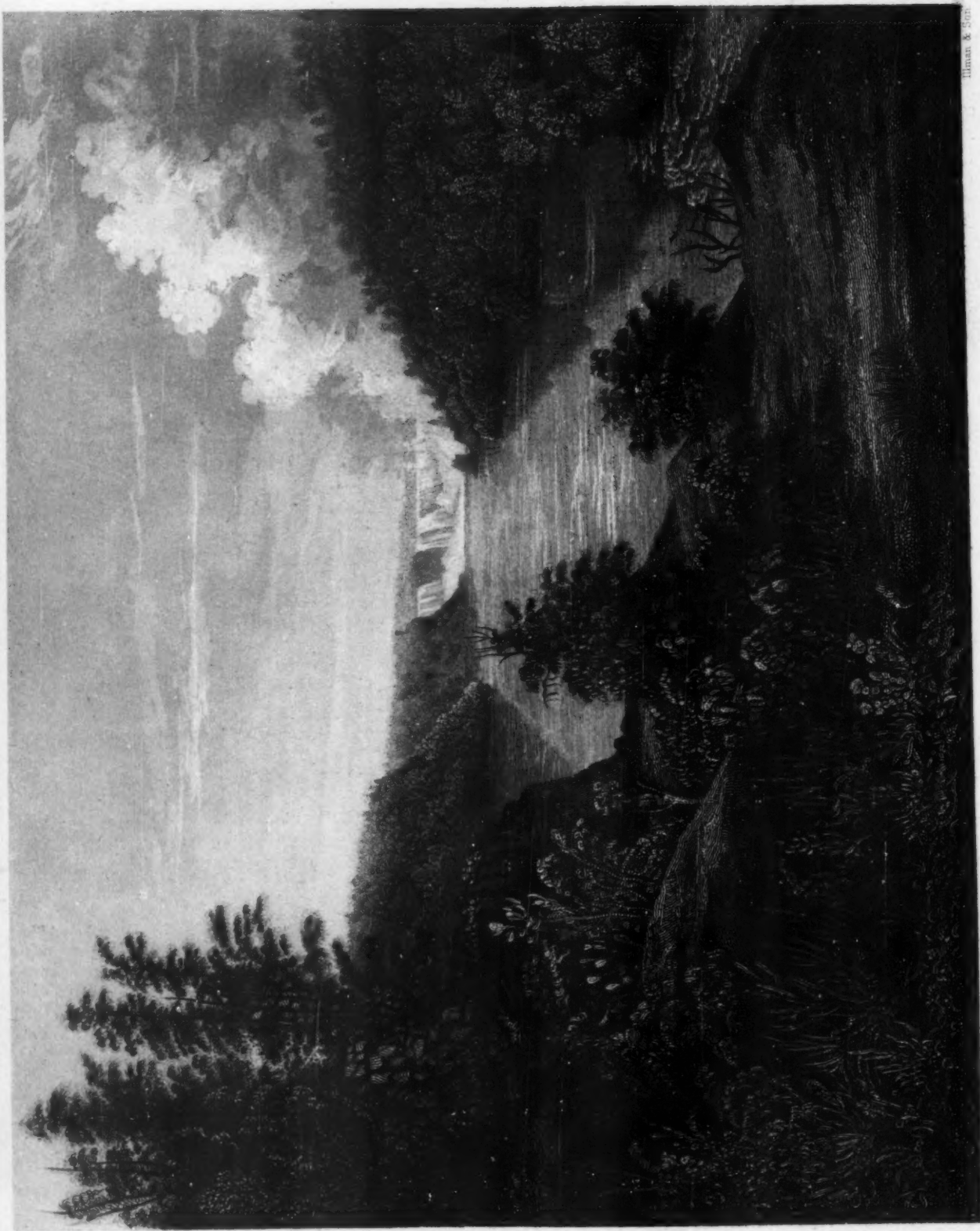
'Tis sad, and yet I love to gaze
Upon its less'ning light,
And note the faint, declining rays,
That link the day with night.

O'er all the sober twilight flings
Its drapery of gray,
And plaintively the forest sings
The requiem of day.

The zephyr sinks, its breath stirs not
The petals of the rose,
And tranquilly the world is hush'd
To quiet and repose.







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Eng^d Expressly for the Ladies Repository